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CAPTURING THE COLONEL

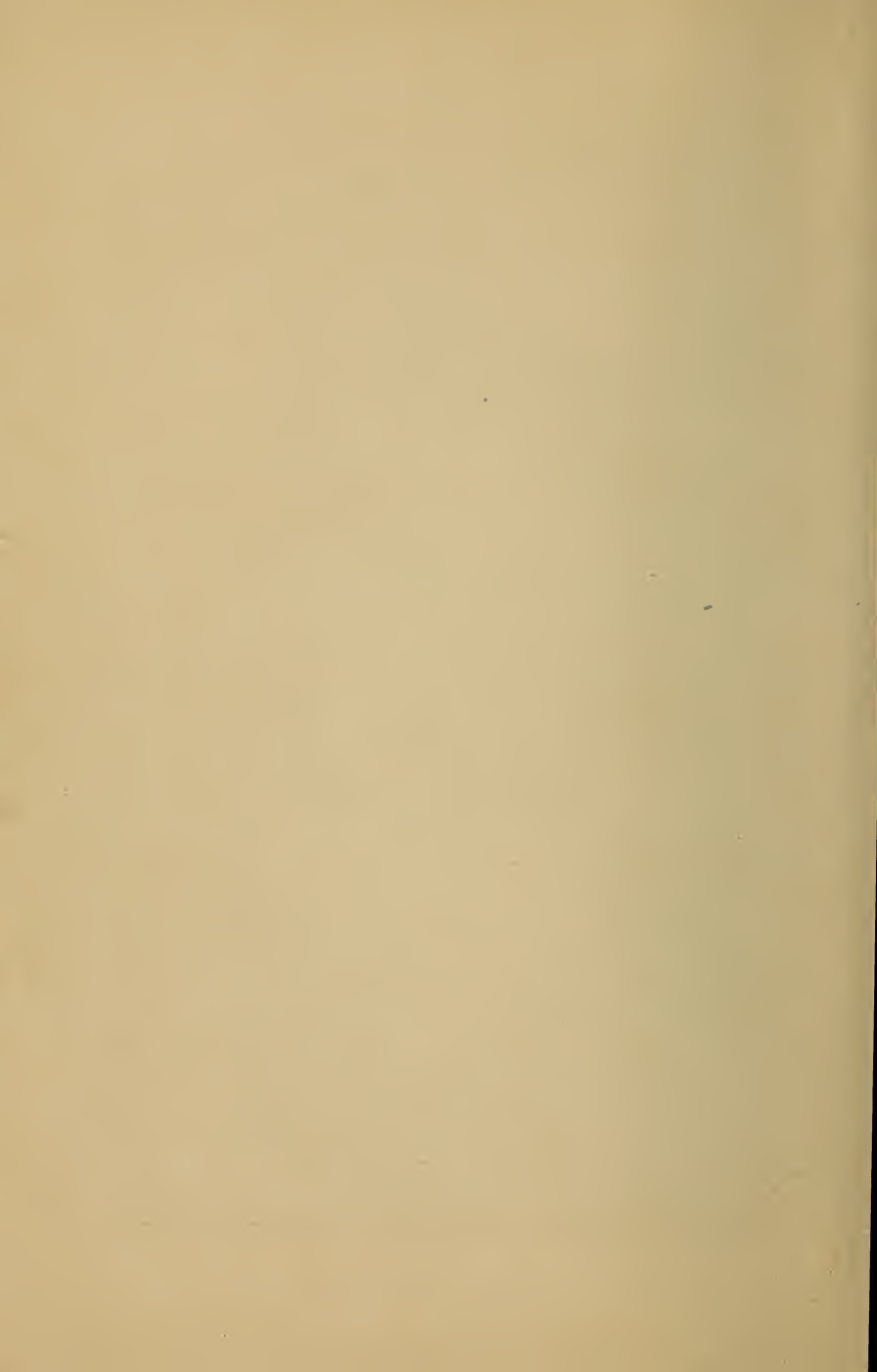


S. W. BRANDOM





S. W. Brandom, B. A., LL. B.



Capturing the Colonel *and Other Themes*

BY

*Silvester
Hite*
Hon. S. W. Brandom, B. A., LL. B.

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By S. W. BRANDOM

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HON. S. W. BRANDOM, B. A., LL. B.

S. W. Brandom was born in a log cabin in Grundy county, Missouri, less than a mile from the east line of Daviess county. His boyhood days were passed in Grundy and Daviess counties. His father, Charles P. Brandom, and his grandfather, William Brandom, came to Daviess county, Missouri, in 1856. In 1862, Charles P. Brandom settled on a farm in Grundy county, and there the subject of this sketch was born. He lived on the farm with his parents until he was fifteen years old, working on the farm in summer, and attending the country school in winter. The time came when he wanted to go to college. His father told him that if he wanted to go to school any more, he would have to earn the money himself and pay his own way. Therefore, with his father's approval, he left home at the age of fifteen years, and began the struggle for a college education. He completed the regular college course, and the music course, and later, took some science courses at the Missouri State University, and the course in Law and Equity at the Washington and Lee University. He taught school for a number of years, and has a First Grade or Life State certificate to teach in the schools

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no,

of Missouri. He has practiced law for many years, was admitted to the bar in Grundy county, and afterward secured license to practice law in Kansas, and also obtained license from the Supreme Court of Colorado. He was the representative from Daviess county in the Forty-fourth General Assembly of Missouri. He professed faith in Christ, and united with the church at Trenton, Mo., in 1890, and was ordained to the full work of the Gospel Ministry, at Gallatin, Mo., May 31st, 1907.

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POSSIBILITIES

A Lecture Delivered in the Church* to the Graduating Class of a High School. The Church was Densely Crowded, and Excellent Order Prevailed, With Close Attention, from beginning to end.

By Hon. S. W. Brandom, A. B., LL. B.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I am pleased to be with you. However, it is only by a tight squeeze that I am here. Some years ago, I visited the State Normal School at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and while there, I heard of a young lady who became alarmed about her grades. She feared that she had failed in the examination in some of her studies. Finally, one morning, one of the teachers told her that she had passed, but that it was a tight squeeze. She promptly answered, "Oh, well, I always did like a tight squeeze, any how."

I am delighted with the people that I have met since I reached your beautiful city a few hours ago. I am favorably impressed with the beauty of your women, and I have also observed the ugliness of your men. But I never did like a two faced man, and I am satisfied that there are no two faced men here

* At Tina, Mo.

tonight; for if any of you men sitting before me had two faces, you certainly would have worn the other face.

I am here, and I have no doubt that I am the most concerned of any present about this lecture. A Sunday School teacher asked her class who was most concerned when Absalom was caught up by the hair. A small boy promptly answered, "Why, Absalom, of course." And of course I am most concerned about this lecture.

Very often, a man in public life will do his duty, as his judgment directs, without knowing whether his labors will be approved or condemned by the people he serves. But all of us should learn some things by experience, and improve as a result of our mistakes; like the wife of a dying man. The husband lay dying, and said to his faithful companion, "Now wife, after I am gone, I hope you won't marry again the first chance you get." She promptly answered, "You needn't worry about that. I'm going to be more particular next time."

Possibly I ought to tell you the subject of my lecture before I go any farther, for pretty soon I won't need to tell you. A woman said to the doctor, "Why are you not willing to wait till tomorrow to operate on my husband?" The Dr. answered, "Because, if he keeps on improving, by tomorrow he won't need operating on."

My subject is "Possibilities." My text is Mark,

9:23, "All things are possible to him that believes." (Worrell's Translation.)

Faith and belief are regarded as interchangeable words, and so are often said to go together. But I believe in faith and works going together. A man who is strong on one and not the other, is a one sided, a lopsided man. An old colored man and his two boys were going home, and came to a swollen stream. The old darky and his oldest boy were each riding a good horse, and the younger boy was riding a mule. The old darky rode into the water, and was soon on the other side. The older boy, like his father, was also soon safely across the swollen stream. The younger boy who was on the mule went in last. The mule began plunging and rearing, and the rider slid off. But as he struck the water, he grabbed hold of the mule's tail, and held on for dear life. His father began shouting to the boy, "Trust in de Lawd! Trust in de Lawd!" while the older boy began shouting to his brother, "Hold on to dat mule's tail! Hold on to dat mule's tail!" The old darky was strong on faith, and his oldest boy was strong on works. But the younger of the two boys was where it was necessary for him to be strong on both.

Now, passing from this little jocularly, I want to remind the audience that certain duties of life must be performed, and that the most faithful men will meet sharp and violent criticism. A Grecian senator, named Ctesiphon, once proposed, in the Grecian sen-

ate, to give Demosthenes a golden wreath or crown, as a recognition of his excellent services to the State. For that act Ctesiphon was indicted, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, and was brought to trial before the jury of five hundred citizens. While Ctesiphon was the nominal defendant, the real purpose of the prosecution was to humiliate Demosthenes. For the charge against Ctesiphon was based on the claim that Demosthenes had done nothing worthy of praise. Aeschines, the most powerful enemy and opponent of Demosthenes, conducted the prosecution, while Demosthenes himself defended. It was in that trial that Demosthenes delivered his famous oration, entitled, "On The Crown," which is universally recognized as the world's masterpiece of eloquence.

It appeared that when Demosthenes rendered the services to the State, he had no reward in view, except that which naturally follows integrity and fidelity in the performance of duty. At the conclusion of the great trial, Ctesiphon was acquitted, and the character of Demosthenes was publicly vindicated. This incident, in Grecian history, shows that the brightest laurels ever placed on a human brow have been gained by integrity and fidelity in the performance of duty, without any prospect or anticipation of a special reward. But a merited token of approval should not be denied for faithful service in any honorable pursuit. The Diploma, which each

member of the class receives at graduation, is the least thing of value which the graduate has obtained from the school. While the diploma is a proper token of the approval of the Board of Education, it is something that can be lost or destroyed, or suspended from a hook on one of the walls of a room, and therefore cannot always be present with the recipient of the token. But the more priceless jewel of an up to date education, being personified, says to its possessor, as Ruth said to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." As in the direct line of descent from Ruth, there followed the greatest benefactions to the human race, so I hope that the education of this class will be the source of innumerable blessings, not only to the members of the class, but also to the community, and to the world. At the commencement occasion, the sunshine of hope lights up the prospect of the future, like the sun of day in the early morning illuminating the material landscape. Some years ago, while on the plains of Colorado, I witnessed the dawn of a particularly beautiful morning, and the magnificence of a glorious evening. Gray streaks of light shooting across the sky above

the eastern horizon, were the signals hung out, or the heralds advancing, to announce that Aurora, the beautiful Goddess of the morning, had arisen from her oriental couch, dressed herself in gorgeous splendor, mounted her golden chariot, and had started on her journey, to carry sunshine to the flowers, and kiss away the dew drops which still clung to their petals. The wonderful array of nature was thrilling and inspiring. In that great panorama, I saw the vegetation covering the plain, every sprig, blade and petal glistening with dewdrops that glowed with more than silvern beauty in the sunshine. I viewed with admiration the apparently limitless prairie, overspread with a velvety carpet of Buffalo grass, each sprig of which was crowned with a dewdrop, that, in the glowing sunlight, sparkled like a silver bead. I noticed also the abundance and variety of the wild flowers, which, reflecting every color of the rainbow, as they waved to and fro and danced in the resplendent sunlight, gladdened the eye at every turn. At the close of that day, while Vesper, Goddess of the evening, was whispering her prayers, the mountains in the west appeared like a natural fortification limiting the plain, and their peaks seemed like fairies surmounting the fortifications of time, and pausing for a last look at the rapidly fading day, before raising the drawbridge and hoisting the portcullis. And, for a moment, while the setting sun seemed to rest peacefully on the snowy cushions

of the mountain summits, it required but a little effort of the imagination to think of the golden fruitage of all our earthly aspirations, like the glowing sun, resting in majesty and splendor on the mountains' crests.

The recollection of that day, reminds me of the commencement occasion. Life, like a beautiful landscape, stretches out before you, and you can almost feel on your cheek the gentle touch of the sweet perfumed zephyrs flitting thru the air, wafted from the golden fruitage of coming victories. The coolness of the morning breezes of youthful ambitions refreshes the spirit, and the abundance and variety of the wild flowers of pleasant anticipations and of doubtful realization reflect all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, as they wave to and fro and dance in the refulgent sunlight, till you can almost taste the ambrosial sweetness of the nectar distilled from the choicest blossoms of future achievements. While, also, the dew drops of doubtful fruition, clinging to the petals of the roses of aspiration, sparkle with more than silvern beauty, until they are kissed away by the sunbeams of hope, as that luminous body, like the golden circle of the sun, rises higher and higher toward the zenith. And beyond this ethereal landscape and hope illuminated plain, are the mountains, over whose towering summits the members of the class expect to climb. To cross the landscape and reach the mountains in Colorado, I had to pass many

unknown chasms, penetrate some deep and dark canons, and surmount innumerable obstacles. And just so, to cross the landscape of life that stretches out before the class at the commencement occasion, it will be necessary to pass over many unknown chasms, penetrate some gloomy canons, and surmount innumerable obstacles. You cannot fly over this landscape. The plain must be traversed step by step. Hope may insure you wings after you have climbed the distant mountains, but, on this side of their towering summits, you must listen in vain for the faintest rustle of a wing.

It would be unreasonable to expect every day to be as pleasant for the class as the commencement day, or as cheerful and bright as a clear May morning. But in your gradual progress thru the grades in the school, I hope you have at times experienced just enough of the sadness resulting from a temporary disappointment, that you will not give over to despair when your dark days of trial shall come. One of the heroes of *The Iliad* chased his adversary three times around the walls of Troy, but finally bore away the palm of victory, as he returned to the camp with the body of his opponent dead and dangling between his chariot wheels. Whenever the members of this class engage in any conflict for the right, my desire is that they may be thus successful in the final issue of every battle.

Perhaps one of the severest trials for any one is

the disappointment resulting from the treachery of false friends. Julius Ceasar expressed the agony of such a trial in the hour of his assassination, when he said, "Et tu, Brute!" "Thou too, O Brutus!" Almost every one has to experience the anguish of discovering treachery on the part of some that were esteemed as friends. The false friend is a friend just because he has an ax to grind. When he finds he can not get you to grind his ax, he ceases at once to be a friend. There is a clear line of demarcation between the true friend and the false friend. The false friend will exaggerate your mistakes, and magnify your natural weaknesses, while the true friend will make allowances for some of your mistakes, excuse your natural weaknesses, and spread the mantle of charity over your faults. When you are under the cross fire of abuse and criticism, your false friends will forsake you, like rats escaping from a burning building, or running from a sinking ship. But, at such a time, your true friends will stick all the closer to your standard. Your true friends appear to have enough sense to know that all human beings possess human and erring natures, and hence they do not expect perfection in a friend. The fact is that while we continue to dwell on this earth, which is a star domed chariot, rolling through space, curtained with a magnificent drapery of clouds, and carpeted with fragrant and variegated flowers, and while in the same chair with us, there is an ever

present and inseparable human and erring nature, with so many environments of a character calculated to confuse, deceive, and even blunt our moral senses, and associated as we constantly are with others, who, like ourselves, all possess human and erring natures, and witnessing, as we necessarily are, an ever varying and changing panorama of immorality and worldliness, it is plain that none of us, while we live here in our present environment, will ever be able to approximate in perfection the life and character of Him Who was tempted as we are tempted, and Who never sinned. No true friend ever expects you to be as perfect as though you lived in that favored age, when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." Toward the true friend, no one should ever be justly liable to the charge of ingratitude. Therefore you should never be unworthy of friendship by any manifestation of ingratitude toward any one who has proved himself to be a true friend. However, a friend has no right, in the guise of a friend, to presume to be your boss. Such a one will claim you have betrayed him every time you fail to do his bidding, without regard to your own conscience in the matter. A friend is not a boss, and conversely, a boss is not a friend.

Human achievement is limited by nature, hampered by circumstances, and modified by environ-

ment. Hence, any one who plans a great work, or aspires to eminence in any pursuit, should make his ascent so gradual, like the successive promotions in a graded school, that each advanced step will be a stepping stone and foundation for the next and higher one. To do otherwise, would be as indiscreet as for a student in practical mechanics to plan the construction of a locomotive engine, without taking into consideration the resistances of the atmosphere, of friction, and of gravitation. And no one should attempt to soar to aerial heights until his machinery has been carefully tested, and his muscles have been hardened by use and experience. Otherwise, like the fabled Icarus, he may soar so near the sun that the wax on his wings will melt, and his consequent fall will be destructive.

In every avocation, the quick tempered person must learn to restrain the impulses of anger. A little girl, in a Presbyterian family, was having trouble in her play. Her dolly's clothing wouldn't fit, and finally she threw the clothes across the room, and exclaimed, "I wish I belonged to a family that swore!" If she grows up to be a good representative of a good Presbyterian family, she will have to restrain the natural impulses of anger.

Judgment, or intuitive and acquired knowledge, is of more practical value in life than the untrained genius of intellectual brilliancy. Hence, the greatest results are often obtained, not by action, but by

self restraint and repose. The poor Roman soldier of Pompeii, stationed up on the mountain side, standing firm at his post, consciously facing death, but without a tremor, a twitching of the muscles, or other indication of an impulse to flee, although being buried by the hot waves of burning lava which flow in torrents over the mountain's brow, tells the Roman story in grander language than the ruins of the Coliseum. And the greatness of any nation is not to be learned from its statues in marble, granite or bronze, nor from its vast feats of architecture, but from the heroic character of its people. It is easy to resent an insult with a blow, but harder to bear ridicule, or suffer an intentional slight in silence, than to charge at the cannon's mouth. But the greatest force of character is often manifested by silence under the goad of ridicule, or intentional slight. However, one whose soul is animated with some high purpose, can afford to be silent, and await the final issue to bring him his vindication. Many a heroic soul, like a lovely and fragrant flower, blossoming on the broad expanse of an unpeopled wilderness, may live, bloom, and shed its fragrance on the undulations of the roving winds, and die unknown. While, on the other hand, some obscure person, by a single act, may prove himself more worthy a marble shaft or bronze statue than many vaunted heroes that the world has been pleased to honor with eulogiums of praise. That solitary

horseman of Johnstown, galloping through the Cone-maugh valley, spurring his steed to its utmost speed, and shouting at the top of his voice, "To the hills! To the hills for your lives!" and hurrying on, and on, giving the words of warning to the imperiled occupants of the valley, until the pursuing flood of seething waters overtook him, caught him in their embrace, and hushed his voice forever, by that feat of courageous daring, proved himself more worthy a place among the world's heroes than Cambronne when he shouted to the conquering British, "The guard dies; it never surrenders!"

Two of the purposes of historical studies in the schools are to arouse the soul to a just appreciation of its own possibilities, and, by the study of the lives of those who lived in the past to train the soul to restrain any inordinate and selfish ambition. One example is peculiarly appropriate for both of these purposes. In the year 1779, at the military school of Brienne, there appeared a lad, not quite ten years old, who desired to matriculate in that institution. He was admitted. He was poor, and suffered much from the rudeness of his fellow students. But he studied diligently, took a special delight in the study of Caesar's Commentaries of the wars in Gaul, and the historical writings of Plutarch and Arrian. Seventeen years after matriculating in the military school of Brienne, on May tenth, 1796, he astonished the world by his famous passage of the bridge at

Lodi, swept by the Austrian cannon, and there he began that wonderful career which made him master of continental Europe. Two years later, he conquered Alexandria, and fought the battle of the Pyramids, during his Egyptian campaign. Two years later, or in 1800, when he started on a second invasion of Italy, with 36000 men, some of his officers told him that it was impossible to cross the Alps at that season of the year. But the determination and indomitable will of the great leader was revealed by his answer, "There shall be no Alps!" The life of Napoleon Bonaparte thus shows the incalculable possibilities of any boy who will apply himself persistently to his studies; while the graves and bones of the French soldiers, scattered the length of Europe, from Malaga to Moscow, and the closing scenes of his life on the Island of St. Helena, reveal how the inordinate and selfish ambition of an irreligious man, can transform the beauty and grandeur of an Epic, into the dirge and pathos of a tragedy. Napoleon was the incarnation of energy, military greatness, and selfish disregard of the rights of nations and individuals. His star arose on the morning of the nineteenth century, and there it stood like a frightful comet on the horizon, and kept rising higher and higher. It became a blazing sun of glory at Austerlitz, but went down behind the lowering clouds at Waterloo. Napoleon drew his sword, dipped it in the best heroic blood of Europe, and wrote his name

high on the sky of fame, and in letters of blood. But his selfish ambition met disappointment at last. He was a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena, where the salty waves of the sea beat against the rock bound coast. He became insane at last. In his delirium he arose, and once more led the armies of France. Once more he engaged in war. He was again at Lodi and Austerlitz, and in sight of the Pyramids. Again he was the leader in the strife. He exclaimed, "I am still head of the army of France!", and fell back dead. And tonight, on the banks of the Seine, there stands his magnificent tomb, his battle flags about him, and his marshall sleeping near, where, if alive, he could give command. And there are the foot falls of those, from the four corners of the earth, who go there to honor his memory. There sleeps the mortal remains of the greatest military genius in all history. And in his history, we read the tragedy of his brilliant career. Misguided energy, and misdirected ability end in ruin and the grave.

No professional man has anything of very great value in his calling, until he has it by culture. People may prate about the born doctor or the born lawyer. But no lawyer knows how to prepare a brief or draw a pleading until he has learned it, and no doctor was ever born with the knowledge necessary to diagnose a case either of smallpox or measles.

When Grant accepted the sword of Lee, and received the surrender of an army, he was praised as a conquerer. His circuit of the world was a continual ovation. His hearty welcome by the Queen, his arm in arm walk with Bismarck, his passing under the Giant Arch at Jerusalem, his return by the golden gate, and, later, his tour through Old Mexico, were replete with honors commensurate with the renown of a monarch. It has been said that Grant was a born military leader. But the fact remains, that, without his education and military training, Grant never would have been placed in command of the United States Army. There seems to be a spirit among some people, to take delight in the thought, that whatever is pleasing and excellent, is of spontaneous growth, requiring no expenditure of labor in its development. Of course, many objects that gladden the eye are of spontaneous growth. The wild flowers in their gorgeous splendor, the native forests with their luxuriant foliage, and the native grasses that cover the prairies, are all of spontaneous growth. But the same lavishness of spontaniety in nature, is not found in the elements of human character and knowledge, which are the essentials of success in any business or professional pursuit. In fact, if such instances exist at all, they are so rare that they should be classed as exotics, which bloom but once in a century.

I have referred, incidentally, to some of the

achievements of noted men. As there are some ladies in this graduating class, it is certainly appropriate to refer to some of the achievements of women. Much has been written during the last quarter of a century about woman's sphere. I shall not attempt to discuss any of these effusions of brain or pen. It would be a task for which I have neither the time nor the inclination. But I will say that woman's sphere, like man's sphere, is in the path of duty. In the first place, I will admit that it is as natural for men to seek the society of women, as for sparks to fly upward. I have read somewhere of a man who had some disagreement with his young wife, and although they had a little boy only a few weeks old, they separated. The father kept the child, and kept him on a ranch in the west. The boy received some training to fit him for the responsible duties of citizenship, but was kept away from all womankind, until after he attained his majority. Soon after he became of age, his father took him to Kansas City to see some of city life. Once in the city, the boy saw many beautiful women, and asked his father what those things were with flowers on their heads. The father's early difficulty with his wife had embittered him toward all women, and, therefore, he answered his boy by saying, "They are little devils." After the boy had been taken over a large portion of the city, the father said to him, "Now, son, I'll buy you any thing you want." The boy promptly said:

“Father, buy me a little devil.”

History abounds with achievements of women. The enthusiasm of a poor peasant girl aroused the disheartened French people to raise the siege of Orleans, and to recover much lost territory. Thus the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, was the forceful spirit that stirred the Frenchmen of her time to their greatest efforts, during the Hundred Years War.

The superior understanding, and sympathetic nature, of Queen Isabelle of Spain, enabled Christopher Columbus to prove to the world his theory of the rotundity of the earth, besides giving to civilization a new continent. During the Civil War, no man showed any truer bravery than the artless little Alabama girl, who was conducting General Forest thru a dangerous passage, and, when the enemy fired a volley upon him, instinctively spread her skirts, and exclaimed, “Get behind me.” Many of the best writers of this generation, and of the preceding generation, are women. In the field of literature, women have given to the world some of the best things ever written. Women have gained unfading laurels as writers of books and magazine articles. Every one of us who can justly lay claim to true manhood, has a species of reverence for women. Those of us among men, who have a spark of nobleness in ourselves, have a sort of instinct of nature that woman is purer and nobler than man, and we respect her

and trust her somehow as we trust in the Providence of God. And in some way, women have found it out. Some time ago, a woman said to her husband, "You must admit that women's minds are cleaner than men's." Her husband said, "Well, of course; and they ought to be cleaner; they change them so much oftener." Leave woman out of books, and literature loses its charm. Take woman from the home, and nothing is left but a crumbling casket without the jewel. Take her influence from any man, and all his earthly hopes, like the fruits of the Dead Sea, turn to ashes on his lips. Take woman out of history, and all the records of all the ages that have marked the progress of morality and civilization, at once become the poorest of fictions, false, valueless, fabrications and lies. There never waged a battle royal, that the influence of woman did not nerve and strengthen the contestants in the strife. Without the influence of woman in the age of chivalry, knighthood never would have attained its flower. We now live in a practical age of unprecedented activity, and woman heroically bears her proportionate share of the burdens of life. In a well balanced life, the measure of success should equal the measure of the effort. For work counts more than natural ability. Genius, that sudden electrical flash, mentioned in certain verdant effusions of imaginative literature, may reach the pinnacle of fame at a single bound. But true genius, like the keen

razor blade, is of excellent material and superior finish. Genius, like crude raw material, is improved by art. The sudden electrical flash of genius so often finds a lodgment in a body contaminated with indolence, that it usually fails in the race of a life. A careful view of the most successful men, in the various professions, will reveal more studious plodders than men of original brilliancy. To know just what to do and when to do it, requires a sixth sense, derived from native ability, combined with long study, ripened by experience. This cannot be gained from books alone. It requires labor, observation, and experience, and requires years of training to bring it to its proper rounded development. Very few ever bring it to anything near perfection. Its practical value is to help you to know what to do next. Some people possess this power naturally in a large measure. For instance, some years ago, Superintendent Greenwood, of Kansas City, and a farmer, and one lady, were riding on a street car in Kansas City. Superintendent Greenwood and the lady were at a considerable distance from the farmer. In fact, the lady was at one end of the car, and the farmer was at the other end. As the car approached the loop, the professor and the lady held tight to the car seat, to avoid being thrown out. The farmer evidently was not familiar with the loop, and so did not take the precaution necessary to avoid trouble. As the car swung around the loop, the

farmer was thrown from his place clear to the other end of the car, and lit in the young lady's lap. He very promptly arose, made a polite bow, and apologized by saying: "You must excuse me madam, for my father was a lap lander." He possessed the sixth sense in a very large degree, for he knew what to do next.

Nothing in this world is fixed and stationary. We must either go forward, or we must go backward. As the rain that falls on the hill tops, cuts a channel in the rocks, or plows a furrow through the valley, on its way to the sea, so we must push forward to reach the sea of our aim in life, or else, like the back water from the rushing river, we will be forced into some stagnant pool, instead of going on to the sea. By your own effort, you must avoid the stagnant pool, and become as the rushing river, if you ever expect to reach the sea.

A man of vacillating convictions and feeble will power, is easily discouraged by every chasm that stretches itself across his pathway, and every mountain that rises up to turn him out of his course. But the man of deep convictions, and strong will, pushes steadily forward with unwavering determination, bridges the chasms, tunnels the mountains, and finds some way to overcome every obstacle that impedes his onward march.

I WILL is the sentiment that brings success. I WILL is the spirit that gained our independence

from England, and later, in 1812, put a stop to the suppressment of American sailors. I WILL is the spirit that animated Captain Lawrence, when, with his failing breath, he said, "Don't give up the ship." I WILL is the spirit that led Jefferson to assert that the administration must show its teeth, in order to consummate the Louisiana purchase. I WILL is the spirit that has extended our country's borders from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. I WILL is the spirit that drove Spain out of Cuba and Porto Rico, and severed her last hold on the Western Hemisphere forever. The same spirit of I WILL has planted our starry banner on the islands of the distant seas, until our beautiful flag is now daily kissed by every oceanic breeze. I WILL has established the foundations of free and popular governments that made tyrants tremble on their throne. I WILL has made deserts bloom as the rose, built up the merchant marine, opened up commercial highways across land and sea, and connected the hemispheres with ocean cables.

With a properly directed will, combined with fidelity and politeness, success ought to grow naturally like the oak tree, with new branches extending from every limb, rending asunder the rocks that cramp its roots, and defying the whirlwinds that twist and strain its gnarling branches. And after each hurricane has passed over, it presents uplifted arms toward Heaven, and receives with gladness

every fresh ray of sunshine that kisses its terminal twigs.

Affability should temper the hand and control the tongue. It was the haughtiness of Roscoe Conkling that led his enemies to ride over him in the moment of their triumph. It was the sociability of Marmaduke that made him a possible candidate, secured him the nomination, and achieved his election as governor of our own great state. It was the bitter sarcasm of Ingalls, the wasp of the Senate, that blew him out of Congress, and dropped him in his Atchison home, before he entered the lecture field. The affability of Garfield gave him a leadership which terminated in the Presidency. The politeness of Robert E. Lee made it easy for Grant to hand back the extended sword, with the words, "It could not be worn by a braver man."

These examples are full of instruction. Strive to find that golden mean, which combines affability with power, manifests strength without haughtiness, force without presumption, polish without conceit, and firmness without rudeness. That is a happy combination of sociability and power. Furthermore, in whatever you attempt, do your best, and put conscience into your work. Then, if it turn out well, you will feel that your reward is not unmerited; and if it turn out wrong, you may be sorrowful, but you will have no sharp, lingering pang of remorse.

To the Superintendent, Principal of the High

School, grade teachers, and members of the graduating class, I now remind you, that the pleasant reminiscences of school room associations, like mountain mists hovering over the towering peaks of memory, will descend at night into the valley of thought, and after a brief stay, will be wafted away and carried back to the mountains, as the sunshine of new duties spreads over the valley. But some of the mists will remain in the living green of the grassy plain, and in the greater verdure of the delicate twigs of recollection. Some of it will be folded in leaf, bud and flower. The beautiful mosses of pleasure will be greener by the vapor's touch. It will have added beauty to the lillies, deepened the color in the petals of the apple blossoms, and increased the fragrance of the roses of happiness. The fruits of the harvest will be more luscious, and the Autumn of repose more comforting, as these mountain mists descend from the towering peaks of memory.

Horace, the illustrious Latin poet of the Augustan age, in speaking of his own labors, said: "I have erected a monument more durable than bronze, and loftier than the regal structure of the Pyramids, which neither the corroding shower, the impotent North Wind, nor the flight of time is able to destroy." I entertain the hope, that the prophetic words of Horace, in regard to his own work, are equally true of the enduring monuments of human character which the Superintendent, Principal and

teachers, in cooperation with the Board of Education, have erected in the education of the members of this class.

And now, as my mind's eye surveys the highways of this world, I see an unusual vision. In thought, I see the surface of the earth covered with a thick and heavy sleet or mantle of ice. I see the steep and precipitous hill west of Grand River, on the road between Edinburg and Trenton, in Grundy county, and the steep hill, always dangerous, is worse than usual on account of the thick covering of ice. I see a large fat woman about half way down the slope of the steepest section of the hill. She is very cautiously walking down the hill. Near the top of that steepest section, I see another pedestrian, a medium sized man, and he is also carefully descending the slope. Suddenly his feet slip from under him, and he is precipitated violently down the declivity. He quickly overtakes the fat woman, his feet dash against her heels, and she sits down on him with a deadening thud. With lightning like swiftness they slide down together. At the foot of the hill, they come to a sudden stop, whereupon the man says, "Madam, you'll have to get off here, this is as far as I go." And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll let you off here, for this is as far as I go. Thanking you for your kind attention, I wish you Good-night.

II

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

S. W. BRANDOM

Text, 2 Kings, 4:26. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"

A few miles from Jezreel, four miles from Shechem, eight miles from Tabor, and about fifty miles north of Jerusalem, there once stood the ancient city of Shunem. The location was one of the most fertile and picturesque spots on the globe. It was surrounded by orchards and olive groves, and fields of waving grain. The land was rich in babbling springs and purling brooks. In this favored city there once lived a woman who was noted in her day. The prophet Elisha was accustomed to pass by her home on his way from Mt. Carmel to the school of the prophets at Jericho. Something about him attracted the notice of the famous woman, for, one day she spoke about him to her husband, as we find in 2 Kings, 4:9-10. "And she said unto her husband, behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, that passeth by us continually. Let us make, I pray thee, a little chamber on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a seat, and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

Evidently her suggestion pleased her husband, for the room was built, and furnished, as we have further account in 2 Kings, 4:11. "And it fell on a day, that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber and lay there."

The hospitality of that home was freely extended to the man of God, and the friendship that began so auspiciously continued. Some years after the incident already related there was a boy in that home, the only child, and he went out into the field where his father and others were harvesting. The hot Oriental sun beat down upon him, and he cried out, "My head, my head!" In fact, he had a sunstroke. His father said, "Carry him to his mother." When the child was taken to his mother, there occurred a very sad event. 2 Kings, 4:20-21. "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out."

Doubtless she was broken hearted, for her only child had just died. To whom could she go? We find that she went to her husband, and after they conversed awhile, one of the men was sent to saddle a beast, and presently she got on the beast. 2 Kings, 4:24. "And she said to her servant, drive and go forward."

Down at Shunem was the dead child. On the road from Shunem to Mt. Carmel was the broken hearted mother, on the beast led by the servant,

gradually approaching the mountain. Up yonder on the mountain side was the man of God. Elisha saw her coming, and called his servant, Gehazi, and spoke to him, as stated in 2 Kings, 4:25-26, saying, "Behold, yonder is the Shunemite; run, I pray thee, now to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?"

Gehazi obeyed, and after he greeted the woman in the words that Elisha had commanded him, the woman answered, according to the oriental manner of salutation, "It is well." See 2 Kings, 4:27. "And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught hold of his feet. And Gehazi came near to thrust her away; but the man of God said, Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her; and Jehovah hath hid it from me, and hath not told me."

After the woman revealed her burden of sorrow to the prophet, Elisha spoke to Gehazi, (2 Kings, 4:29), saying, "Take my staff in thy hand and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child."

But the heart broken mother would not let the prophet off so easily. 2 Kings, 4:30-37. "And the mother of the child said, 'As Jehovah liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' And he arose, and followed her. And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the

child; but there was neither voice, nor hearing. Wherefore he returned to meet him, and told him, saying, 'the child is not awaked.' And when Elisha was come into the house, behold the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto Jehovah. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and he stretched himself upon him; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house once to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, 'Call this Shunemite.' So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, 'Take up thy son.' Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground; and she took up her son and went out."

Doubtless her sorrow had been changed to rejoicing. There is a lesson in this incident which I want to bring to you this morning. So I come with the text, 2 Kings, 4:26. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"

A little boy was sick unto death, and when his father told him that he was dying, he said, "Papa, I'm afraid. I'm afraid to die." And after a little while, he said, "Maybe I wouldn't be afraid if you'd prayed in our home every day, like Willie's papa

does." Presently he said, "Don't take me away out to the grave yard to bury me, but bury me by the little summer house, for I'm afraid." And so he died. They buried him by the little summer house, but he died afraid. He may have been lost, and if lost at all, it was probably because his Papa didn't pray in the home every day like Willie's Papa did. "Is it well with the child?"

In another home, there was a sick boy. One day the father went home, and his wife said to him, "There has been a great change in our boy since you left home this morning. I am afraid it is death. I wish you would go in and see him, for if it is death, I can't tell him." She was weeping as she told her husband. He went in, and sure enough, as he sat on the edge of the bed, and put his hand on his boy's forehead, he realized that the dews of death were gathering there. So he said to the sick boy, "My son, do you know that you are dying?" The boy said, "No, father, is this death I feel stealing over me?" The father answered, "Yes, my son, you can not live until night." The little boy smiled and said, "I will be with Jesus tonight, won't I father?" The father said, "Yes, my boy, you will be with the Savior tonight." The father turned his head to hide his tears; but the boy saw, and said, "Father, don't weep for me; when I get to Heaven, I will go right straight to Jesus, and I will tell Him

that ever since I can remember, you have tried to lead me to Him."

Oh, "Is it well with the child?" If your child were dying now, could he say that ever since he can remember, you have tried to lead him to Jesus? "Is it well with thee?" I want to make this text so personal that not one of you can go away and say, "The preacher did not mean me." For he does mean you. "Is it well with thee?" That is a question of personal salvation. It can not be well with you when the fact is, that, if the brittle thread of life should break now, your soul would be in Hell before midnight. Maybe you read the published account of an incident that occurred some years ago in another state. A minister was eating his breakfast, when there was a knock at the door. The door was opened, and there stood a little crippled boy, about twelve years old, leaning on his crutch. His right limb had been taken off above the knee. He said to the minister, "Will you go to the jail and see my Papa, and pray and talk with him? They are going to hang him because he murdered Mamma. Papa was a good man, but whisky did it. He wouldn't have done it, if it was not for drink. There are four of us children, and I have to support my sisters by selling newspapers. And would you come to our house, and be there when they bring Papa home? The Governor says we can have him after they hang him." After going to the jail, the minis-

ter talked and prayed with the condemned criminal. The poor fellow said he had no recollection of killing his wife, and said, "Yes, whisky did it. I don't mind paying the penalty of the crime, but to think that I must leave my children to cruel charity!" The minister then went to the little hovel which was home to the family of that man. About eleven o'clock a wagon drove up. It was accompanied by some policemen, and they carried the pine box sort of a coffin into the house, and placed it on two old rickety chairs. There, crouching in the corner, stood the three little girls, and the crippled boy. They were in rags. The brother, with his crutch, hobbled over to the pine box, and leaned over and kissed the cheeks of his dead father, and, weeping, said: "Poor Papa, whisky did it." And then, to his little sisters, he said, "Don't you want to come and kiss Papa before he gets cold?" The little sisters went over and kissed the lips of their dead father, and wept aloud, and wailed in agony and suffered, as if their hearts were breaking. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" "No, it is not well as long as a saloon is allowed in the town or community. It is not well with any community that permits a murder mill to run wide open, selling to men and boys a liquid fire, to set the brain on fire, and make of a loving husband and father a demon that kills his wife, and leaves his children defenseless and or-

phaned. This national shame and national crime of the age must be driven from our land.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." And men sell liquor, and commit all sorts of crime for money. They take all kinds of risks for money. Some time ago, two men were talking, and one of them said that if he could have all he wanted of just one thing, he would take money. But there are some things that money will not buy. A steamer, returning from the Klondyke, halted at Seattle. Some folks walked the gang plank, and were there met by friends. The friends congratulated them on their success in the Klondike. They were a man and his wife. Their friends said, "We hear you have been very fortunate in the Klondike." They answered that they had three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the hold of the ship. The friends said, "Where is your little boy, Tom?" Tears filled their eyes as they answered, "Oh, we left Tom buried beneath the snow and the ice, on the banks of the Yukon; and we would gladly give all our gold if we only had our boy." "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" There was another man who had paid no attention to the Bible. But his only son died. After that, every night he could be seen in his home by a light, looking into the Bible. Some one asked him what he was doing that for. And he said, "I am trying to find out where Johnny has gone." Oh, beloved, don't wait until it

is too late to ask these questions. "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" Don't wait too long. It is too late to repair the ship after it has left dry dock, and has started across the high seas. It is too late to write your fire insurance after the fire is discovered, and the flames are shooting through the roof. It is too late to send for the doctor after the undertaker has arrived and has already pumped the body full of embalming fluid. It is too late to preach the Gospel sermon, offer the intercessory prayer, and sing the heart touching spiritual song, after the dews of death have gathered on the brow, and the breath of life has gone, and the red blood has ceased coursing through the arteries. Don't be too late! "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" Maybe you think it would be well with you, if you could get all the money you want. But that is a terrible mistake. A millionaire in London took sick. The doctor came and said the patient had Meningitis. The millionaire patient said, "If you will keep me alive till eight o'clock tomorrow morning, I'll give you a hundred thousand pounds. That was the equivalent of nearly five hundred thousand dollars in U. S. money. The doctor said, "I have prescriptions, and remedies for disease, but I have no time to sell. That belongs to God."

If you think money is all you need, go with me in thought to New York. Think of the date of our

visit to New York as being some years ago, during Matt. 10:32, Jesus says, "Every one, therefore, who and Quincy Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. marching up Fifth Avenue. Let us follow them. They march to the Vanderbilt palace on Fifth Avenue, and they go in. Mr. Vanderbilt was worth a hundred and ninety-six mililon dollars at that very minute. If money could satisfy any one, surely he should have been satisfied. Perhaps you would want to exchange places with him. But we see those two giants of finance in the money center of America step into the library of the Vanderbilt palace, and we follow them to the library entrance. We pause there and hear them discussing business. Vanderbilt is worried because Mr. Garrett will not enter into a business agreement with him, and in a sudden fit of apoplexy, he falls forward out of his chair, and when Quincy Garrett picked him up from the floor, William H. Vanderbilt was a corpse. What use now is his 196 million dollars to him? Money only benefits you while this present life lasts. But "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" Maybe you still have an impression that if you had plenty of money it would be well with you. Go with me next to the home of George M. Pullman, the Palace car millionaire of Chicago. He was worth twenty million dollars.

Surely his wealth makes it well with him! Let us see. We arrive at his palacial residence, and we gain admittance to his home, and to the very room that is occupied by Mr. Pullman. The great palace car magnate is sick. We stand at his bedside, and soon we discover that he is dying. His eyes are dilating, his breath is becoming shorter, his muscles grow rigid, Rigor Mortis sets in, dissolution is rapidly going on, and look! He is dead. Oh, "Is it well with thee?" Presently an undertaker appears at the Pullman home, and after making an incision in Mr. Pullman's left arm, he pumps the body full of embalming fluid, which leaves it as white as alabaster, and as cold as polished marble. Soon a rosewood jeweled casket is brought into the room. It has handles of silver and gold, and is richly adorned with jems. The embalmed body of the palace car millionaire is placed in the jeweled rosewood casket. That is then put inside of a metallic casket, which is promptly hermetically sealed. Then they wrap the hermetically sealed metallic casket in bitumen soaked cloth. Next, after the usual delay and preliminary arrangements, the funeral cortege moves slowly along the streets to the Graceland Cemetery. There, a grave had been dug, nine feet long, nine feet wide, and nine feet deep. The funeral cortege halts, while some workmen proceed to pour into the grave liquid concrete and cement, until the grave is half full. Then, while the cement and concrete is still pliable,

another set of workmen put down into the cement and concrete a steel cage, which has steel bars one inch apart. Then the double casket, containing the embalmed body of the palace car millionaire, is lowered into the steel cage. Then the steel workmen rivet steel bars, one inch apart, over the top of the steel cage. Then the workers in concrete and cement proceed to pour in more liquid concrete and cement, until the grave lacks only eighteen inches of being full. Next, they put in layer after layer of black soil, and roll each layer before putting in the next one, until the grave is filled and rolled even with the level of the surface of the ground. Then, with a whisk broom and dust pan, they sweep up the loose pieces of dirt. Next morning, when the sunshine came streaming through the gates of the dawn, kissing the dewdrops from the flowers, if you didn't know it, you could never tell that the body of George M. Pullman, the millionaire, was sleeping there, waiting for the trumpet of Gabriel to summon him to the judgment. But the trumpet shall sound, and God can break that old sarcophagus of cement and steel, just as easy as if it were only a peanut shell. And the occupant of that grave will have to appear at the judgment seat of Christ, just the same as the poor old hobo who never rode in a Pullman car in all his life. Maybe you think that if you held high official position, it would be well with you. Let us call on some of those in high official position and

see. We call on the great Alexander, who conquered the known world, and we find him grieving because there were no more worlds to conquer, and he died at the early age of thirty-three, from the effects of drinking too much wine. We call on the illustrious Julius Caesar, after he became Emperor of Rome, and we hear him, in his disappointment, say, "Is this all?" And some time later he died from the attack of the assassins. Queen Elizabeth was the sovereign ruler of Great Britain, which is so vast in area that the sun never sets on British soil. She counted her jewels by the peck, and had thousands of fine dresses in her wardrobe, and as she is dying, hear her exclaim, "All my possessions for one minute of time!" Solomon tried all that the world had to offer, and he said, "All is vanity, and vexation of spirit."

"Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child?" I answer, No, it is not well with you unless you have found and accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. How may it be well with you? Let us look into the Bible for the answer. See I John, 5:11-13. "God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life. These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life, even unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God." See also John 3:36. "He that be-

believes on the Son has eternal life; but he that disbelieves the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abides on him."

Then, too, not only has God given unto us eternal life in His Son, but He also promises us a place in which to enjoy the eternal life. See John, 14:1-3. "Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many abiding places; otherwise, I would have told you; because I am going to prepare a place for you. And, if I go and prepare a place for you, I am coming again, and will receive you to Myself; that, where I am, ye may be also."

The Father's house referred to is Heaven. And by referring to Rev. 21-16, we find that it is 12000 furlongs, or 1500 miles, every way. There is room in so vast a city for a great number of abiding places. And it will be very blessed to be there. Then in John, 14:5-6, I find the following language, "Thomas says to Him, 'Lord, we know not whither Thou art going; how do we know the way?' Jesus saith to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father, except through Me'." So, by accepting Jesus as your Savior, you get eternal life in Him, and when you have found Him, you have also found the way to Heaven. But, if you have accepted Him, you are entitled to his comforting protection and help in this present world. Psalm, 34:7. "The angel of Jehovah encampeth

round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." And Psalm, 91:11, "He will give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

A deer hunter told about being out one morning, walking across his field, when he heard the barking of the hounds, and discovered that they were approaching him. He looked through a crack in the fence, and saw a little fawn that was almost worn out with being chased. Its tongue was hanging out, and its sides were lathered and flecked with foam. It barely had strength enough to jump over the fence. There it stood and looked around in affright. Its great liquid eyes looked pitiful as it saw a hound leap over the fence a few feet away. Its first impulse appeared to be to run. But instead of bounding away, it ran toward the hunter, and threw itself in a heap at his feet. He said that he stood there and fought dogs for nearly an hour. And he has said he felt that all the dogs in America could not take that little fawn, after it, in its weakness, had appealed to him and his strength for protection. Thus, when you, a Christian, in this present world, are pursued by the hounds of sin, and the dogs of hell are reaching for your throat, the wise and only safe course is to throw yourself at the feet of Jesus. He will fight your battles for you. And the devil, who is going about, seeking whom he may devour, will flee from any Christian, even the weakest, as soon as he sees that Christian at the feet of Jesus.

Just listen to the words of our Lord, John, X, 27-30. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give to them eternal life; and they shall never perish, nor shall any one snatch them out of My hand. My Father, Who hath given them to Me, is greater than all, and no one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand. I and the Father are One."

Yea, dear child of God, come up close to your Lord, and nestle close to Him, for he has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." And "He will cover you with His pinions, and under His wings shalt thou take refuge." He also says, "I will deliver you from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" It is well with all who have come to Jesus for repose, and for safety, and for leadership. Without Jesus, no one is safe, and with Him, every one is perfectly safe. I want to close this address with a verse of an old Baptist hymn.

"Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed, I, I am thy God, and will give thee aid; I will strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will
not, I will not desert to his foes;

That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I will never, no never, no never forsake!"

III

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE ?

S. W. BRANDOM

Heb. 2:1-4. "For this reason, it is needful that we give the more earnest heed to the things heard, lest at any time we drift past them. For, if the word spoken through angels became steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a righteous recompense, how shall we escape, having neglected so great salvation; which, indeed, having at first been spoken through the Lord, was confirmed to us by those who heard; God testifying with them, both with signs and wonders and manifold miracles, and distributions of the Holy Spirit, according to His will?" (Worrell's Translation.)

I call attention particularly to Heb. 2:3, "How shall we escape, having neglected so great salvation?" In the first place, from the sentiment of the text it is plain that there is folly in neglecting this great salvation. According to Proverbs, 13:16, "Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge; but a fool layeth open his folly." And according to Proverbs, 14:8, "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way; but the folly of fools is deceit." Prov. 14:16, "A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil; but the fool rageth, and is confident."

Prov. 14:18, "The simple inherit folly." Psalms, 49:13, "This their way is their folly." Prov. 26:5, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

Some otherwise excellent people seem to regard the folly of neglecting this great salvation as an insignificant matter, but the truth is that folly is wickedness. See Ecclesiastes, 7:25, "I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness." Not only is folly wickedness, but the folly and wickedness of neglecting this great salvation will finally be made manifest to all. See 2 Tim. 3:9, "For their folly will be fully manifest to all."

In the second place, there is criminality and guilt in neglecting this great salvation. Speaking in Ezekiel, 18:4, God says, "Behold, all souls are Mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is Mine; the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

God has delivered a precious soul into your hands and keeping, and you owe to God the duty to preserve that soul alive, and not only so, but you should keep that soul well nourished and fed on the sort of food that will contribute to its best growth and development. If you feed it on sin, death of the soul is the result, and God says so in the verse that I have quoted. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God is your friend. If some friend delivered to you a

horse for you to use, you would owe that friend the duty to feed the horse proper food, and to make provision for its safety. Why don't you treat God as well in regard to the soul which He has delivered to you? That soul is worth more than all the horses in the whole world. Yet you have thus far made no provision for that soul's safety. And in addition to this terrible crime of neglecting to provide for its safety, you are feeding it on the very sort of food that means its eternal death. It is just as criminal for a man to murder himself as to murder some one else. There was a time in England when a suicide was not permitted to have decent burial. The body of a suicide was placed in a cross roads, a stake was driven through the body to hold it firmly to the ground so ravenous beasts could not drag it away, and there it must stay and decay in sight of the travelers that journeyed that way. The purpose of the law was to deter others from self murder. The government of England thus punished one guilty of self murder.

No one has a right to throw away lightly the life that God has given him, neither has any one the right to throw away the soul that God has given him. You are under every obligation of love, and appreciation, and gratitude, and duty, to preserve your soul alive, and to give the service of both soul and life to God. You owe that much to God just as truly as a farm tenant owes the rent of the farm to the owner of

the farm. It is just as dishonest to defraud God out of the service due Him as to defraud a land owner out of his rent. And your fears that you could not serve God as faithfully as you ought, is no good reason for denying the debt of service which you owe Him for His many blessings to you. In the third place, there are at least four reasons why this salvation is so great a salvation.

1. It is a great salvation on account of the way it was given. God Himself, manifest in the flesh, in the person of Jesus Christ, died on the cross, by the cruel death of crucifixion, to give this salvation to this lost and ruined race, and to every individual member of the race. See Heb. 1:1-6, "God, having in many parts and in many ways spoken, of old, to the fathers in the prophets, at the end of these days spake to us in His Son, Whom He appointed Heir of all things, through Whom also He constituted the ages; Who, being an effulgence of His glory and an exact expression of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, having made a purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; having become by so much superior to the angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they. For to whom of the angels said He at any time, 'You are My Son; I this day have begotten you'? And again, 'I will be to him a Father; and He shall be to Me a Son'? But, when again He introduces the First-born into the inhabited earth,

He saith, 'And let all the angels of God worship Him'."

If God had sent us the Gospel message of salvation by godly men, it should put on us the duty and obligation of heeding and accepting it. Then if God had sent us the gospel message of salvation by angels, it would lay on us a still greater duty and obligation to give consideration thereto, and to accept it. Then if God sent us the Gospel message of salvation by such a distinguished personage as His own Son, the very Heir of God, or Heir apparent, the only begotten Son of the Father, that would place on us a still greater duty and obligation to duly regard and accept it. Now the fact is that God has sent the message of salvation in all of these three ways. He delivered it by the prophets and holy men of God that have lived and preached all through the ages past, and in the present time as well. Then He sent the message by angels. See the following texts of Scripture: Luke, 1:10, referring to a conversation with Zacharias, "And the angel, answering, said to him, 'I am Gabriel, who have been standing near before God, and I was sent to speak to you, and to proclaim these glad tidings to you'."

Luke, 2:8-14, "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were greatly frightened.

And the angel said to them, 'Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which, indeed, shall be to all the people; because there was born to-day, in the city of David, a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign to you; you will find a Babe wrapped in swadling clothes, and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest; and, on earth, peace among men of good will'."

Then God also sent the message of salvation by His Son, and spoke to us through the words, and life, and death, and burial and resurrection of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, "How shall we escape, having neglected so great salvation*" Neglecting this salvation means both defiance and contempt of God the Father, and of His Son. See Heb. 10:28-31: "Anyone, having set aside Moses' law, dies without mercy on the testimony of two or three witnesses; of how much worse punishment, think ye, shall he be accounted worthy, who trampled under foot the Son of God, and accounted the blood of the covenant with which He was sanctified an unholy thing, and treated with contempt the Spirit of grace? For we know Him Who said, 'To Me belongs vengeance; I will recompense,' saith the Lord; and again, 'The Lord will judge His people.' It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

2. The greatness of this salvation is manifested in

the price that was paid for it, and the circumstances of the payment of that place. As stated in Romans 6:23, "The wages of sin is death." The devil had got the upper hand of this lost race, and was receiving the services of humanity, and his possession meant the control of every lost soul for both time and eternity. Although your soul belonged to God, the devil got hold of you with your soul that belongs to God. To redeem and buy back that soul, God paid the enormous price of Christ's precious blood, by coming down into a human body and paying the penalty of death for you, in your place. Now what a great double wrong and fraud will be perpetrated on God if the devil is still allowed to hold your soul after God has bought it back!

3. The greatness of this salvation is shown in the fact that it is the only salvation. Acts, 4:12, "And in no one else is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under Heaven, that has been given among men, in which we must be saved.

I. Cor. 3:11, "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

John, 14:6, "Jesus saith to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father, except through Me'."

If this house should now catch fire, and there were several ways to escape, you would be justifiable in accepting either way of escape. But if there were only one way to escape, and you had a chance to ac-

cept that way,, you would be criminally negligent if you refused that way. But you are right now in the burning house of sin, and there is only one way to escape. Christ is that way. How shall you escape, having neglected so great salvation! If you neglect this way, you will be burned up and consumed in the burning house of your sins.

4. The greatness of this salvation is also shown by what it brings to those who accept it. Viz, Pardon, Peace, Joy, Eternal Life, An Inheritance, Incorruptible in Heaven that Fadeth not Away, and Safety, and Rest.

1st. This salvation brings full pardon for all sin, and entire forgiveness of all your sins the moment you accept Christ. See Jeremiah, 31, 34, "For I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more." Psalms, 103:12, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Micah, 7:19, "He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

2nd. This salvation brings peace. Luke, 2:14, "Peace among men of good will." Rom. 5:1, "Having been justified, therefore, by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Isaiah, 26:3-4, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in Jehovah forever." Psalms 29:11, "Je-

hovah will bless His people with peace." Psalms, 85:8, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints: but let them not turn again to folly." Psalms, 119:165, "Great peace have they who love Thy law."

I call your attention also to the fact that none but the saved have peace. If you ask how I know, I answer that God knows, and I know because God tells me so in His word. Isaiah, 43:22, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." Isaiah 57:20-21, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isaiah, 59:7-8, "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths. The way of peace they know not; and there is no judgment in their going; they have made them crooked paths; whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace." Romans, 3:16-17, "Destruction and misery are in their ways; and the ways of peace have they not known."

3rd. This salvation brings joy.

Romans 5:2-3, "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we also rejoice in our tribulations." Isaiah 61:10, "I will greatly rejoice in Jehovah, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." I. Peter, 1:8, "Though now not seeing Him, yet be-

lieving, ye exult with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Habakkuk 3:18, "I will rejoice in the Lord." John 16:22, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." Psalms, 118:15, "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous." Psalms, 119:111, "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart." Psalms, 107:22, "And let them sacrifice the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing." Job, 8:21, "Till He fill thy mouth with laughter, and thy lips with rejoicing." Prov. 8:20-21, "Rejoicing always before Him; Rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth."

Friends, the devil has deceived a lot of folks, and has got them to believe that the Christian life is a gloomy, sad, and melancholy life; and possibly some of you have been cited to some long faced, sad, sickly looking people who claimed to be Christians, and you have been looking for that kind of people when ever you look for saved folks. But if you know some downcast, long faced, unhappy people in the world, let me tell you something. It isn't religion that's the matter with them, it is dyspepsia. For I know from personal experience that religion is the most joyous and happy possession that any one ever had. Don't you libel religion by telling people that real Christians are not happy, for that isn't so. Real Christians are happy and joyous in this present

world, and we will be still happier in the next world.

4th. This salvation brings us Eternal Life.

John 3:15-16, "Every one who believes in Him may have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that every one who believes on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Rom. 6:22, "Having been made free from sin, and having been made slaves to God ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end eternal life." Rom. 6:23, "The gift of God is eternal life in Jesus Christ, our Lord." I. John 5:11-12, "God gave to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that has the Son has the life; he that has not the Son of God has not the life." John 3:36, "He that believes on the Son has eternal life."

5th. This salvation brings us an incorruptible inheritance, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Ephesians 1:13-14, "Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance." Colossians 1:12, "Giving thanks to the Father, Who made us meet for the portion of the inheritance of the saints in light." I. Peter 1:3-5, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, according to His abundant mercy, begat us again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from among the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and unfading; kept in Heaven for you who are being guarded by God's power, through faith."

6th. This salvation brings Safety to all who accept it.

Proverbs 29:25, "Whoso putteth his trust in Jehovah shall be safe." Prov. 18:10, "The name of Jehovah is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

This safety naturally leads to the next blessing of salvation, viz: 7th. This salvation brings us Rest. Psalms 37:7, "Rest in the Lord." Jeremiah 6:16, "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Isaiah, 57:2, "He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." Heb. 4:3, "For we who believed do enter into rest." In Mat. 11:28-29, Jesus says, "Come to Me, all ye who are laboring and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; because I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest for your souls."

There is also an eternal rest for the people of God. Revelations 14:13, "And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, 'Write: Happy are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.'"

The unsaved do not have soul rest even now, and not a single moment's rest shall they have after this life is over.

Hebrews 3:10-11, "They do always err in their heart, and they did not know My ways; as I swore in My wrath, they shall not enter into My rest." Matt. 25:41, "Then will He say also to those on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye accursed! into the eternal fire which was prepared for the Devil and his angels." Matt. 25:46, "And these shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life."

Rev. 14:9-11, "And another angel, a third, followed, saying, with a great voice, 'If anyone worships the beast and his image, and receives a mark on his forehead or on his hand, he also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which has been mingled undiluted in the cup of His anger; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and before the Lamb. And the smoke of their torment ascends forever; and they have no rest day and night, those who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receives the mark of his name.'"

Revelation, 20:15, "And, if anyone was not found written in the book of life, he was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 21:8, "For the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, their part shall be in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; which is the second death."

In the fourth place, All you have to do to miss

this salvation is simply to neglect it. If you were in a deep well, and had no way to get out, and some men came to rescue you with a rope strong enough to lift you out, and then lowered the rope until it was within your reach, and urged you to take hold, and then truly and in all sincerity of purpose promised you that if you would take hold and cling to the rope they would pull you out, all you would have to do to stay in the well and perish would be simply to neglect to take hold and cling to the rope. If you accidentally swallowed a deadly poison, and a physician set before you the sure and certain antidote, and told you to drink the antidote which he had set before you already dissolved in a glass of water, all you would have to do to miss the curing and healing power of the antidote, is to neglect to take it.

In the fifth place, to neglect this great salvation means to be lost eternally. Therefore, to be lost, you do not have to shoot at the preacher, throw rocks at the meeting house, nor rob a train, but simply neglect this salvation. John 3:18, "He that believes on Him is not judged; he that believes not has been judged already, because he has not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Romans, 2:11-13, "For there is no respect of persons with God; for as many as sinned without law shall perish without law; and as many as sinned under law shall be judged by law; for not the hear-

ers of law are righteous before God, but the doers shall be justified.”

These and other scriptures clearly teach that the soul perishes that neglects this great salvation. There are men in Scotland who make their living gathering bird's eggs. Sometimes they tie a long rope to a tree or some other firm object, and then tie the other end of the rope around their own body, and swing over the cliffs that project out over the sea. One day one of those egg gatherers was hunting bird's eggs, and having secured the rope to a tree, tied the other end of the rope around his body, and let himself down onto a ledge of rock far below the crest of the cliff that rose high above the sea. He was busy collecting eggs from the nests that the birds had built on the shelves of the projecting rock. The rope came untied, and before he knew it, the rope swung out over the sea. It was far beyond his reach. He realized his danger, and during the several hours that he stood there on a shelf of the rock, he made up his mind that he was destined to die there from starvation or else fall and perish in the sea. But finally a strong breeze sprang up from the sea, and the force of the wind blew the swinging rope toward him. He noticed the rope swinging in, driven by the force of the favoring breeze, and he said to himself, “That is my last hope. If I jump for the rope and miss it I die, and if I stay here I die.” Getting ready for the leap, he watched the

rope, and as it again swung in toward him, he leaped and caught it, and climbed to the top of the cliff, and was saved. But his hands were burned to the bone, and his hair had become as white as snow. This great salvation that is now offered to you, is the only rope that will ever swing between you and the sea of eternal despair. It is your only hope. It is your last hope. If you miss it you die, and if you stay where you are you die. Make ready now for the supreme effort of your whole life. Watch, and as the friendly rope of salvation swings in toward you, driven by the force of God's favoring breeze of love, leap for it and climb to a place of safety.

I hold in my hand an envelope. On one side I have written the question, What must you do to be lost? Below that I have written the answer, Nothing. I now turn the envelope over. On this other side I have written the question, What must you do to be saved? Below that I have written the answer, in the language of Acts 16:31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and you shall be saved." To believe on Jesus is to accept Him as your Savior and Lord, and then confess Him before men. Rom. 10:10, "For with the heart man believes unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." In Matt. 10:32, Jesus says, "Every one, therefore, who shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father Who is in Heaven."

In the sixth place, there is danger in delay.

Many years ago William A. Rogers was President of Marietta female college in Georgia. One morning, his wife felt somewhat indisposed, and sent to a drug store for some quinine. Mrs. Rogers put the quinine powder on her tongue, and then rinsed it down with water. As soon as she had swallowed it she spoke to Professor Rogers, saying, "Husband, that was not quinine I took just now. I sent for quinine, but I am satisfied that was not quinine."

Rogers ran to the drug store and said to the clerk, "What was that you sent my wife?" The clerk threw up his hands and said, "Sir, I have sent enough morphine to your house to kill a dozen persons."

Mr. Rogers ran to a doctor's office and got two doctors. They gave Mrs. Rogers emetics, and then administered strong coffee and various remedies. Soon a death like stupor began to creep over her, and Mr. Rogers said, "Is there any chance to save my poor wife?" They said, "Yes! If we can keep her awake for four hours we can save her life." They walked her up and down the house across rooms, and threw cold water in her face, and whipped her with cruel switches, and used every means they could to keep her awake. The stupor became so oppressive that she turned to Mr. Rogers and pleaded, "Husband, please let me go to sleep." He answered, "Oh, wife, if you go to sleep you will never wake up again in this world." She replied,

"I know that, but please let me go to sleep." They walked her hurriedly about the place, and in a short time the death like stupor so overwhelmed her whole being that she spoke again to Mr. Rogers, "Husband, please, Sir, let me sleep for just five minutes." He answered, "Wife, if you go to sleep for five minutes, you'll never wake up." And thus the struggle went on until the four hours passed, and she was safe.

And just so I find men, women and children. They have been deceived. They have swallowed the opiate of sin, the powder of unbelief, and washed it down with the water of worldliness, and they are benumbed by the poisonous powder. They say, "Just let me sleep tonight." "Just let me sleep every night this week." In fact the devil wants you to sleep until the last opportunity that you will ever have to accept this great salvation has passed and gone, and then he won't care how sadly you wail, "Lost, Lost, Forever Lost!" Friends, I urge you to come to Jesus now. For "How shall we escape, having neglected so great salvation"?

IV

THE SOUTH WIND

S. W. BRANDOM

“When the South Wind was blowing gently,”
Acts 27:13. (Worrell’s Translation.)

Oh! how deceptive the south wind can be!! It comes in the Springtime, laden with the sweet perfumes of flowers, and melodious with the caroling of birds. It harmonizes with the new vernal garb of the richly robed vegetation, blending the mellowing influences of the Springtime with the delicate perfumes of orange blossoms, and the enticing odors of flowering almonds and magnolias. It may bring with it the indescribable sweetness of the scented atmosphere that has been hovering over the beautiful southland, where it absorbed the blended odors of the cypress swamps, the orchard covered hillsides, the pine clad mountains, the cereal producing valleys, and the pecan groves.

Or, the south wind blowing gently may bring with it the delicious fragrance of the blossoming elms, or the luscious sweetness of the delicate exhalations of the sugar maples. But in the Autumn time, when the forests are in the yellow leaf, as was the case at the Fair Havens, the south wind blowing gently may bring a suggestion of continued fair weather in the breeze that, only recently, has kissed the fertile val-

ley of the Nile, and played with the leaves and lotus blossoms that grew beyond the Mediterranean coast, on far Egypt's shore. It may also bring a breath of the salt sea which it captured in crossing the great sea, the Mediterranean, before reaching the Cretan coast at the Fair Havens.

"When the south wind was blowing gently," the tremulous rippling of the waves, the pervading calmness of the sea, the mild touch of the fragrant breeze, and the lower moaning of the sea, as the white foam and the surf lashed the shore, all combined to lull the mind, soothe the heart, and stupefy the soul into a state of forgetfulness and indiscretion. So great was their stupefying influence on the company of sailors at the Fair Havens, that their judgment was controlled by it. No wonder the Centurian yielded "when the south wind was blowing gently," especially if he took into consideration the fact that it was only a few hours' sail from the Fair Havens to Phoenix!

"When the south wind was blowing gently," the opposition of Paul and others was disregarded, as though the southern breeze was a sufficient refutation of their arguments; and so they ventured out to sea. But a tempestuous wind soon arose, and "they were so exceedingly tossed with a tempest that on the next day they lightened the ship; and on the third day, they cast out the tackling," and then they were many days and nights without seeing any ap-

pearance of the Sun, or the stars, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. Many poor souls have reached the place in their sinful course where all hope that they should be saved was taken away. And like these people who took Paul with them from Fair Havens, their fears and terrors have been brought on themselves by yielding to temptation, "when the south wind was blowing gently."

While Christians are in the world, they should not be of the world. It is right and proper for Christians to be in the world, but all wrong for the world to be in Christians. It is the worldly Christian that crucifies our Lord afresh, opens His wounds anew and puts Him to an open shame. Worldly Christians are real obstacles in the way of the salvation of their loved ones who have never come to Christ. The combined forces of the world, the flesh and the Devil, with the deceitfulness of riches, the allurements of sinful pleasures, and the luxuries and glitter of wealth, are like the south wind blowing gently over the tropical sea of temptation, that lulls to sleep, and then draws its victims away from the Fair Havens of safety. A mother, who was a worldly church member, lived in a neighborhood where an evangelist conducted a series of meetings. She had an only son just verging into manhood; but he was not a Christian. The family possessed wealth, and occupied a high social position in the community. The mother wanted her son to take a course in dancing lessons

to make him graceful in his movements, and to fit him for a social career. But she didn't want him to get religion yet, as she believed it might interfere with her social plans, and therefore she took him away from the neighborhood to keep him away from the meetings. But on the last day but one of that series of meetings, she returned home bringing with her that Son, a corpse in his casket. She had not so much as one single ray of hope that all was well with him. It was too late then to do personal work to save him. Too late! Too late!! Hopeless were the tears and kisses that she showered on the form and face lying cold and silent in the godless casket. She had disobeyed the teaching of the apostle: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." She had been "conformed to this world," and therefore was like this world. "When the south wind was blowing gently," she took her only son with her and sailed away from the Fair Havens. But at last, all hope that her Son should be saved was taken away. "Woe, to them that are at ease in Zion!"

The world brings its flowers to the coffin. It visits the flower gardens and the hot houses, and there gathers the choicest flowers, and then places them on the casket cover. The fragrance of the tube roses, and the beauty of the floral offerings, blending with the pathetic strains of the solemn requiem, may serve as balm to ameliorate the sorrows, heal the wounds

and bind up the bleeding hearts of the weeping friends of the deceased; but the perfumes of the floral tributes, and the beautiful colors of the costliest flowers, cannot cheer the one whose body lies inside the casket, no matter how magnificent the funeral cortege may appear. Then, too, remember that some people kiss the dead who never stopped once to kiss the living. They may hover mournfully over the casket, and give expression to hysterical sobs, but fail to throw their arms around the loved ones who are fighting the obstinate battles of life. One cheerful word of encouragement, to a soul that is struggling with the difficulties of life, is worth more than all the kisses that can be showered on cold cheeks and silent lips, or flowers piled mountain high on the casket cover. The dead cannot inhale the sweetness of flowers, nor feel the velvety touch of ever so loving a kiss, but the living can. Therefore, without any word of criticism whatever of the custom of adorning a funeral bier with flowers, I plead with you to scatter the flowers of cheer along the pathway of the living, and pull out the thorns of criticism that hurt, and remove the briars of slander that injure, and lead your loved ones and your friends to Christ before the presence of death announces the fatal words, Too Late! Too Late!!

While the blue skies above seemed to smile in sympathy on the scene, and the whole array of nature appeared drapped in a robe of calm repose,

“When the south wind was blowing gently,” many another parent has sailed out of the Fair Havens of safety, and after a storm tossed and perilous voyage of a few days, has returned to former scenes with love wounded, drooping and lagging, and then in sorrow they have seen their dearest treasure lowered into the grave, and covered with the clods of the valley, and then they have turned away, leaving buried in a cheerless grave the crushed and bruised petals mercilessly torn from the flowers of ambition and blossoms of hope. Sorrow and death are the natural fruit of worldliness in any person’s heart. Try to keep dangers and temptations away from your children. Spiritual dangers are worse than physical dangers. I know a woman whose little babe was active enough to crawl around over the floor, and pull itself up to an upright position when holding to something like a chair. The mother placed a tub of hot water on the kitchen floor preparatory to scrubbing; and the little babe crawled along to the tub, and getting hold, pulled itself up, and fell over into the tub of scalding water, and was scalded to death. Sad as that case seems, it shows the ease with which a child may be destroyed from exposure to physical dangers. But spiritual dangers surround children on every side, while parents seem unconcerned and indifferent. “When the south wind was blowing gently,” parents have sailed from the Fair Havens, far out on the sea of worldliness, leaving

their children unprotected and constantly exposed to the perils of eternal death.

According to Acts 27:21, "And when they had been long without food, then Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have set sail from Crete, and have gotten this injury and loss." And just so, many a soul who left the Fair Havens, "When the south wind was blowing gently," will wish ere long that they had hearkened to the warning of some man of God. And "when the south wind was blowing gently" was a time that you should have remained at the Fair Havens. Many souls that sailed from the Fair Havens, "when the south wind was blowing gently," are now tempest tossed, and are rushing on to the rocks of eternal doom so fast that nothing short of a marvelous miracle of Grace and the power of God can ever rescue them.

We find in the lesson that "Paul admonished them, and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that the voyage will be with injury and much loss, not only of the lading and the ship, but also of our lives."

And although warned, many a crowd like that at Fair Havens has made the mistake of voting wrong, showing also that sometimes the minority is right, and the majority wrong. This is shown by the triumph of Elijah and Elijah's god, in the destruction of the prophets of Baal at Mt. Carmel. It is also proved

by the Hand that wrote Belshazzar's doom over his festal board and on his palace wall.

It has been by resisting the wrong influences, "when the south wind was blowing gently," that the great deeds in history have been wrought, and the sweetest songs of the poets have been sung. The one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, although so beautiful, is a song of sorrow and captivity. It shows strength of character in the heart and soul of the author.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, for there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying: Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I do not prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy." These are bold words and true, breathing both loyalty and earnest devotion. The Psalmist's loyalty to the home he had been forced to leave was both beautiful and commendable. But there is a loyalty that you owe to your children, and parents, and friends and neighbors. And that loyalty requires you to be zealous and careful and watchful of their safety. One summer day, a father took his child into the forest

with him to enjoy a day of rest. He finally yielded to the stupor that came on him, and went to sleep. When he awoke, he missed his child. He hurriedly began a search for the little one, and soon came to a precipice, and looking down, there saw the object of his search, crushed, mangled and dead, at the base of the cliff. His loyalty to his own child required that he carefully guard it from danger, but the soothing nature of his environment in the forest was to him the south wind blowing gently, and while he was wrapped in the luxurious embrace of slumber, his child fell to its death. There are parents even now slumbering who are wrapped in the arms of luxury, wealth, and worldliness, seemingly unconscious of danger, while their children are surrounded on every side by temptation and sin, and exposed to eternal death. "Awake! thou that sleepest"!!

The south wind blowing gently is the zephyr of ease and luxury, wafted from the tropics of worldliness, bearing on its wings the delicious fragrance and velvety touch of the beautiful southland; and it tempts with the offer of sinful pleasures. It has blown its seductive perfumes over many lives, into many homes, and into many nations. Its soothing touch and quiet soothing undermined the foundations of the Roman Empire. For love of pleasure, ease and luxury brought to Rome the destruction that war and sword could not accomplish. In the path of the scented fragrance of the south wind

blowing gently is strewn the wreckage of the years and of the centuries. Its poisonous and miasmatic tainted breath has touched the cheek of maidenly beauty and aided the tempter to accomplish her ruin. The seductive sweetness of the south wind blowing gently has stupefied young men and held them helpless in the social whirl of sinful indulgences. Possibly some of you could go to some sod covered and grass grown mound in the cemetery, or city of the dead, and, standing there by some familiar grave, could repeat the story of a ruined and wasted life, in this one sentence: "When the south wind was blowing gently."

In the less agreeable and colder north wind, there may be more safety than in the south wind blowing gently. And your own success and happiness may depend on your ability to resist the enticing pleasures that seem to follow in the wake of the south wind blowing gently. Turn out of its seductive path now. Sinful habits have already fastened their fetters as shackles on your soul. If you are even now powerless to break away, accept the help of Jesus who is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God through Him. He can reveal to you visions of splendor, and lead you into joys of which you have never dreamed. In His presence is fulness of joy; and in His right hand are pleasures forevermore. His skillful hands can untie the cords that hold you fast. Yea, His deft fingers can weave the delicate

web of the Aurora Borealis, and warp it as a muffler around the throat of the cold North. And they can just as deftly weave a web of holiness for you. He is also able to close the lion's mouth. Accept His help now, before the teeth of the ravenous lion of sin lacerate your flesh. He can loosen the coils of the serpent of sinful pleasures that now hold you in the bondage of sin. He can snap the fetters of evil habits that now hold you as with bands of steel. Yea! He can set you free!! Jesus said: "If therefore the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." Jesus also said: "If ye abide in me, and My words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name, that will I do." Meet the conditions of these promises, and accept and appropriate the offered blessings now; and it will never be truthfully said of you that you sailed from the Fair Havens of safety, "When the south wind was blowing gently."

V

KINDNESS

S. W. BRANDOM

“And the barbarians showed us no common kindness:” Acts 28:2. (Authorized version.)

Two weeks had passed since Paul and two hundred and seventy-five others sailed from the Fair Havens on the coast of the island of Crete. They reached Malta (or Melita) which is about six hundred and twenty miles west of Crete. Malta is about sixty miles south of Sicily, and Sicily is south west of the extreme southern point of Italy. Crete is south east of the peninsula of Greece. From the Fair Havens, on the island of Crete, they had gone west six hundred and twenty miles to Malta. They had a troublesome time. Their sailing was over a tempestuous sea, driven by the storm and much of the trip was through darkness, and they could see neither the sun, moon, nor stars. So great were their fears, that they had not partaken of food during the entire two weeks of their terrible voyage. But, at the urgent request of Paul, they all ate some food. And when it was day, they tried to enter a bay, intending thus to reach the beach, and they got into a place where two seas met, and the vessel was

grounded. And when the ship began to break in pieces, some who could swim plunged into the sea, and swam to shore; others on planks, still others on boxes, and some on other things from the ship, and in one way and another, all reached the beach. The land was the island of Malta. It has a land surface of about a hundred square miles, so that if reduced to a square, it would be ten miles square. The climate is mild and the skies are so clear that Mt. Etna, a hundred and twenty-five miles to the north on the island of Sicily, can be distinctly seen from Malta. The land is really a beautiful island garden, where grow the richest fruits, such as olives, oranges and figs. There is also now as there was then a copious supply of honey on the island.

The two hundred and seventy-six men escaped the perils of the sea with only their lives and the scanty clothing on their bodies. But in writing of it, Paul says: "The barbarians showed us no common kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us all, because of the present rain, and because of the cold."

By the term "barbarians" we are not to understand that the inhabitants of Malta were savages. Not by any means! But that they did not speak the Greek language, i. e. the Greek was not their native tongue; although the Greek was then the language of learning and education.

The hospitality of the Maltese inhabitants was put

to a severe test. The shipwrecked company of two hundred and seventy-six men remained on the island for three months. But we find nothing to indicate that the natives became impatient, or wavered in any manner, in their hospitality. On the contrary, we find in Acts 28:10, this language: "Honored us with many honors; and when we sailed, they put on board such things as we needed." No wonder Paul says: "And the barbarians showed us no common kindness."

What is kindness? Possibly you can recognize it when you find it, and yet you may not be able to give a good definition of it. Webster's definition of kindness is: "Good will; benevolence; a kind act." But some terms are difficult to define. What is kindness?

Kindness is a variation of the theme in the divine music of love. It is neither the pinching cold of January, nor the burning heat of July. It is rather a blending of the exhilarating animation of the Springtime and the soothing mildness of Indian Summer. It is the rippling laughter of June mingled with the pathetic sighs of November. It is the stimulus of May interwoven with the mellowness of October. Kindness is the sunshine of the soul painting a rainbow of beauty shining through the shower of tears. Without kindness, the roses would fade from the fair cheeks of womanhood, and the valorous sentiment of chivalry would no longer find a lodgment

in the breast of man. Childish laughter would cease to ripple through the sacred precincts of the home, and the domestic joys would be only relics of an unreturning past. And the treasures of the family ties would no longer cluster around the parapets of the home. Kindness is not the violence of the hurricane, but rather the gentleness of the summer breeze. The cruel northeast wind may give a flap of his powerful wings, and the next morning, the Atlantic coast, from Labrador to the Florida Keys, is strewn with the wreckage of a nation's shipping. But kindness is like the gentle swaying of the southwest wind that issues forth from some floral tinted bower of the skies, and all nature responds with a chorus of welcome at its approach. The brooks bubble with joy. The rivers ripple with merry laughter. The lakes glow with silvern beauty. The luxuriant poppies spread their enticing blossoms, the gardens array themselves in bloom, the orchards adorn themselves in their gayest colors, the fields of grain dress themselves first in a robe of green, next in garments of silver, then in a mantle of golden. The trees rustle their verdant foliage in token of joy. The mountains bathe their peaks in the warm sunshine and the hills smile with gladness in token of thanksgiving and praise. Real kindness cannot long be counterfeited, although it may be feigned for a time. Therefore, while we cheerfully clasp true kindness to our breast, we cautiously delay the loving embrace until

the claims for recognition have been established by the evidence, and supported by satisfactory credentials. In fact, so many feet are trimmed and fashioned to fit Cinderella's slippers, that we hesitate long before we hail the Princess.

Kindness is the perfume of the soul. And its aroma is sweeter than the distilled essence of all the aromatic plants and fragrant flowers. Real kindness is not like the Morning Glory, which spreads its blossoms in the early morning and by noon has folded its petals and presents a withered and faded appearance in the glare of the noon-day sun. But kindness is more like the blossoming Petunias, whose flowers rival the beauty and freshness of the Morning Glories at dawn, and are just as attractive at noon as at the dawn, and then their petals are still as glowing with beauty at sunset as at noon or at the dawn.

Kindness is not spasmodic like the flow of some natural fountains which we call intermittent springs, but is as steady and constant as the unceasing flow of the cool mountain spring. Its unfailing supply of blessing continues unremitting in both fair and stormy weather, and through gloomy as well as bright days. And the truest kindness finds its fullest expression in our Lord and Savior, the world's Redeemer. When the clouds of adversity roll thick and ominous, and the thunders of opposition are echoing from mountain to mountain, and reverberating from hill top to hill top, and the flashing light-

nings of fierce attack are shooting around like arrows from the countless bows of gathering archers, His artistic hand paints on the canvas of the mountain mists that wonderful master piece, the Rainbow, and hangs it over the pathway of the raging storm.

If this principle of kindness obtained universal recognition, it would dismount every battery, un-wheel every cannon, dismantle every military fort, dull every sword, break every spear, splinter every foeman's lance, unhorse every cavalryman, and render worthless every powder magazine. For gun powder would be needed no longer except for blasting purposes, and for pyrotechnic display, or fire works. Not only would warfare be a savage memory, but the drinking saloon and the wine room annex, and the gambling hall and the brothel would be unknown and never mentioned any more, except as facts of history which humanity had passed by, and left behind, in the moral progress of the race.

Kindness, like the primitive rose and the orange, can be improved and developed by painstaking care and culture. The thistle, the thorn tree, and the wild briar all grow spontaneously; and also the cactus, the yucca, or soap weed, and the pestiferous sand-burr of the western prairies all grow wild. But the variegated dahlias, the many varieties of carnations, and the magnificent red rose, now blooming so luxuriantly in the conservatory, with its thickly matted masses of beautiful petals which seem to have

been dipped in the blood and carnage of belligerent strife, had to be cared for, cultivated and developed.

I wish all the Lord's children would pray the Father above to plant the germ of heavenly kindness in every heart, and then give all of us the needed grace and sanctification with works to care for, cultivate and develop it, until it attains the glowing beauty of full maturity.

This world would be much happier if all of us emulated the example of the Prussian King who received, as a present from the Russian Emperor, the root of a rare flower. He soon had the root planted in the Island Royal Gardens. The gardener was required to watch it, and finally it bloomed into full glory and beauty. On three days each week, the people were permitted to visit the gardens, and one day a young man gathered that flower and fastened it to a buttonhole. But he was arrested while crossing the ferry. The gardener asked the King to cease allowing the people to visit the Island Royal Gardens. But the King said: "Shall I deny the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No! Let them come and see the beautiful grounds." Then the gardener wanted the King to take the name of the offending youth. But the King said, "No! My memory is very tenacious, and I do not want to have in my mind the name of

the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time."

We should all look upon kindness as a rare and royal flower, not to be plucked criminally, nor to be surreptitiously gathered from some royal gardens and fastened to a buttonhole, but to be placed in the vase within the heart, where its luxuriant and richly colored blossoms will purify and adorn with supernatural beauty our nature, and the aromatic sweetness and delicious fragrance of the blossoms of kindness will not only bless us in this present life, but will cling to us and enrich us in the future life through a never ending eternity.

It was kindness in the great heart of Grant at Appomattox that made him hand back Lee's sword, with the words, "It could not be worn by a braver man." There was a tender feeling of kindness in the heart of Alexander H. Stevens of Georgia, and possibly no lovelier man ever exchanged Earth for Heaven. A Senator's wife invited him to come and see her dead canary bird. But he probably thought of the poor bird's hard life in captivity as a caged prisoner, when birds so much love and enjoy liberty in the full air of unrestrained freedom, and so Stevens said, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying."

The opposite of kindness is cruelty. These opposites are shown in actions that may appear unimportant. William Cowper was familiar with this

simple method of determining character, for he said that he would not trust a man who would needlessly crush a worm.

A disregard of the claims of kindness leads not only to suffering, but also to injustice and oppression. This is true in both private and official life. Some time ago, an officer in one of our cities said: "Some place must be found for saloons," and then he voted to license another saloon on a street that already had forty-three saloons, four of them being on the nearby corners. A woman who was opposing the saloon license said: "We have forty-three saloons on our street now. We never see a policeman. In fact we have forgotten what one looks like. There are carousals and fights every night, so that sleep is impossible. And every morning we have to clear our front door yards of empty whiskey flasks and beer bottles." After hearing the recital of the conditions that have made that street a murderer's row and a training school for Hell, the police board, with self assumed gravity, proceeded to license the forty-fourth saloon on that street. Yet, when a few Christian men and women take a position in opposition to the shameful and criminal conditions that are directly traceable to the saloons, we are accused of trying to interfere with personal liberty. When a grand jury indicts a man for murder, and a prosecuting attorney files an information against some one for arson, I suppose the accused men are just as in-

dignant because their personal liberty is endangered, and the indictment or information is proof positive that the grand jury and the prosecuting attorney are trying to interfere with personal liberty! No weight seems to have been given to the right of the few Christian residents of that street to be secure in their homes, and to be free to enjoy their homes unmolested and unhindered and undisturbed by rioters and others that may violate the peace and quiet of the neighborhood. But the law abiding and Christian residents on that street are given no protection from the disturbers of the peace that patronize the saloons and dens of infamy and brothels that throng murderer's row, unchecked and unhindered by police interference. True liberty is crushed out there, because the officers hold and maintain, that ,“some place must be found for saloons.”

About the time the license was granted for the forty-fourth saloon on that street, a live wire fell from a post in that city during a rain storm, and it wrapped around the arm and neck of a man, resulting in his death. The live wire incident was published in the city papers as an item of news, and by this time, it may have been made the basis of a claim for damages by the relatives of the man who was injured. But on that street, with its forty-four saloons, men and women are debauched every night, and immortal souls are trained for Hell, and the coiling wires of lust, and vice, and crime, are hanging

loose both day and night. There, the low theatre, the immoral resort, and the Godless market in women and human souls runs wide open, day and night, and not a policeman is ever seen on that street, even to arrest the participants in the fights that occur every night. And the city papers that so eagerly published the live wire incident as an item of news, evidently regard the crime, and debauchery, and sin, along murderer's row of so regular occurrence as not to be regarded as an item of news at all. Cruelty seems to have succeeded in obtaining the sanction and protection of the officers of the law. But there is no kindness in protecting cruelty in any form.

Kindness breathes its beautiful melodies and rapturous harmonies all through the sacred Bible. It is interwoven into the meshes of Genesis, then followed up in the Book of Joshua, encircled in the pure arms of Ruth, attested in solemn form by Samuel, emblazoned in beauty in the Psalms, and crystalized in the coronet of the four gospels. Then its radiance flashes in our church history as found in the recorded Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles to the primitive churches. The Angel in the Apocalypse took a reed and measured heaven, but never had the boldness nor presumption to even attempt to measure the length and breadth, and depth and height of kindness. As the love of God is as high and deep and wide as human need, so kindness, which is a variation of the theme in the divine music of love, is as

high and deep and wide as human sorrow.

During the fortnight of tossing on the stormy billows of the Mediterranean Sea, Paul was the recipient of the wonderful and gracious kindness of God. For an angel of God stood by him and said: "Fear not, Paul; thou must stand before Caesar: and lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee." And Paul said to the other men in the ship, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me. But we must be cast upon a certain island." Thus the lesson shows that Paul received the kindness of God, and passed the blessing on to the other souls that were with him. In Acts, 27:36, we find this language: "Then were they all of good cheer, and themselves also took food." We find in Acts, 27:44, "that they all escaped to the land." And, my friend, if the tempest is now sweeping over you, just accept the kindness of a loving Savior. Let Him take you to the hospitable beach of some friendly island more beautiful than Malta or Melita. There, fruits grow that are more luscious than the products of tropical clime, and more nourishing than the delectable honey of Malta, and the supply is inexhaustible, copious and abundant.

When Bonpland was studying the flora of the Andes, he climbed one day to the summit of an extinct volcano. There, thousands of feet above the sea level, and far above the vegetation of the region

round about, he found a solitary flower growing on the rim of the volcano. A little deposit of mellow earth was there, and possibly a seed had been dropped there by some bird in its flight, and so the flower grew. And although you may be on the very rim of the crater of the volcano of eternal doom, yet, if in your heart there is one little mellow spot where the seeds of kindness can find a lodgment, and germinate, and grow, accept the seed of kindness now, which God in His infinite love and mercy offers to you, and let it grow until it blossoms in beauty. For its beautiful petals will make your life glow with splendor here, and the aroma, and fragrance, and sweetness of that never failing flower will perfume your pathway from earth to heaven; and at the gate of the eternal city, that flower will be your passport into the blissful abode of supernal joy. Yea, the flower that I invite you to accept is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Valley, tied together with the unfading Smilax of Love; and this heavenly boquet is even now fresh from the perennially beautiful Royal Gardens of God. This is a royal flower of kindness which now, in God's name, I am offering to you.

VI

AN ADDRESS ON SOWING AND REAPING

S. W. BRANDOM

Text, Galatians, 6:7-8: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap; because he that sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." (Worrell's Translation).

I have made a study of some people who do not like the Bible, and I find that the trouble is not with the Bible, but with the life of those who hate the Bible. It is amazing how folks will talk about the Bible, when they know very little about it. Look at the folks who abuse the Bible! Scarcely any of them ever look into a Bible at all. They have heard some scoffing, sneering hypocrite, that claimed to be somebody when he wasn't, and claimed to know something when he didn't, and they act like a parrot in repeating what they have heard. They have listened to the sneering moral leper, or the intellectual montebank who caviled at the Bible, and without looking into it at all, they are continually disseminating what the scoffer said. When the noted

infidel, Wilmot, was dying, he put his hand on the Bible and said: "The only thing against that book is a bad life." That infidel told the truth. The man, with the record of a bad life, hates the Bible because it condemns him. It reveals the inexcusable and sinful nature of sin in evil men's lives, and men do not like to read their own condemnation. That is the reason so many men do not read the Bible. Some say they can not understand it. That admission corroborates the statements of the Bible itself. See Daniel, 12:10. "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand." When you say you cannot understand the Bible, you at once classify yourself as wicked, and furnish living proof of the truth of the Bible, for it says, "None of the wicked shall understand." There is a reason for your not understanding the Bible. When a man is living in sin, God does not reveal His secret thoughts and purposes to that man. The promise of knowledge is to the one who wills to obey God. See John 7:17, (Worrell's Translation), "If any one wills to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." Jesus said, according to John 14:21, "He who has My commandments and keeps them, he it is that loves Me; and he that loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

Men do not reveal their secret thoughts to their

enemies, and you that are enemies of God have no right to expect God to reveal His thoughts to you. Wicked men question the authority of the Bible, just as condemned criminals question the authority of the court that sentenced them. Who wrote the Bible? Did bad men write it? What a strange thing it would be if bad men wrote in a book their own condemnation! They don't do that way now a days. They would be the last persons in the world to write their own condemnation. No! Bad men did not write the Bible. But if good men wrote it, it cannot be a bad book, for good men would not write a bad book. Consequently, the trouble is not with the Bible, but with the lives of the folks who hate the Bible. When a man loves God, he loves the Bible too. For, to the man that loves God, the Bible is meat and drink, food and strength, to his soul.

"Be not deceived." The devil has deceived a lot of folks. He has persuaded them that the Christian life is a hard life. But he is a liar, and the father of lies. And when the devil gets you to believe that he is an easier master to serve than God, he gets you to believe a lie. Jesus says, in Matthew, 11:30, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." On the other hand, see Proverbs, 13:15, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

You can't blot out these truths. Think for a moment of the text about the transgressor. You can close the Bible, and look in the daily papers, any

day in the year, and from the pages before you, you can see many proofs that, "The way of the transgressor is hard." The statement, that the service of God is a hard life, and the service of the devil an easy life, is a bare faced lie, and it ought to be driven back into hell where it came from the throat of Satan himself. That lie, sent red hot from hell, has led millions of immortal souls to their eternal ruin. If you could visit the Tombs prison, in New York City, you could find a little iron bridge running from the police court, where men are tried, to the prison cell. In letters of iron, on that bridge, is the sentence: "The way of the transgressor is hard." If you could destroy the iron bridge, and destroy the Bible, that text would still remain an eternal truth. So the Bible is true, whether men believe it or not. It is written in the very lives of men. On the other side of that iron bridge are the words, "A bridge of sighs." A man of God, who has since gone to Heaven, once asked an officer what they put that up there for. The officer said that most of the young men who went over that bridge, went over it weeping; and so they called it the bridge of sighs. The man of God asked what made them put up that other sentence, "The way of the transgressor is hard." The officer said, "Well, it is hard. If you had anything to do with this prison, you would believe that text; 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' "

God's service is not hard. The trouble with those

who find God's service hard, is, that they tried to serve God without getting God's nature. For a man to serve God, he must get God's nature by being born anew. Romans 8:7-8. "Because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can it be; and those who are in the flesh cannot please God." For a man whose nature is only the fleshy nature to try to serve God in the Spirit, is as difficult a task as to try to jump over the moon. The natural man has not the nature to serve God and please Him. The natural man must repent of sin, and "Be born anew." For, "Unless one be born anew, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." This new birth is not natural, but Spiritual. It puts into a man a nature that he did not have before. The new nature is God's nature. With that nature, you will find that serving God is easy. Then you will agree with Jesus, that His yoke is easy, and His burden is light. Romans, 8:8-9, "Those who are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if, indeed, the Spirit of God is dwelling in you. And, if any one has not the Spirit of Christ, he is not His." When you have the Spirit of Christ, you will find it easy to do right and serve God, for the Spirit of God dwelling in you will lift your very body up into some influence that will keep you above the death dealing sins of the present time. Romans, 8:11, "And, if the Spirit of Him Who raised up

Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, He Who raised up Christ Jesus from the dead will make alive your mortal bodies through His Spirit dwelling in you.” “Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap.”

The noted Mr. Spurgeon used the story of a tyrant ordering a subject to come into his presence, and when the subject appeared, the tyrant asked the man his occupation. The man answered that he was a blacksmith. The tyrant then ordered him to go and make a chain of a certain length, and to bring it to him on a certain day. The tyrant did not give him anything to make the chain with, but the chain was made; and on the appointed day, the blacksmith, with his chain, appeared before the tyrant. The tyrant told him to take that chain and make it twice that length. The man obeyed, but had to have his friends help him carry it into the presence of the tyrant. The tyrant ordered his men who were standing near, to take the blacksmith, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a dungeon. That is what every man, who is serving the devil, is doing. If you are serving the devil, you are making the chain that will bind you, hand and foot, so that you can offer no resistance when the order is given to cast you into the dungeon. For example, you begin drinking liquor. Some one steps up and tells you that you are in danger. You sneer, and scorn, and laugh at the suggestion of danger. When some of

us want you to let liquor alone, you accuse us of trying to take your liberty from you. That little word liberty has been much overworked. Every man ought to have the liberty to do right, without becoming an anarchist and doing wrong. In the name of liberty you drink, and drink again, and little by little, you gradually make the chain, until, before you are aware of it, the tyrant of sin has you bound, hand and foot, with the chain of your own making. Some years ago, a country boy, in opposition to his parents' wishes and protests, went to the nearby town, and began the saloon business. The memory of home, and the prayers of his mother, disturbed his conscience. But he kept on in his vile career, and drank heavily to drown his qualms of conscience. At the end of a long spree, delirium tremens came on him. In one of his attacks of tremens, he got behind his bed. His friends were unable to hold him in bed; and over next to the wall, behind the bed, he was at work, as if mixing drinks, and thus he died. He reaped what he sowed. How much better it would have been for him if he had sowed differently! I read somewhere of another boy who was seeking an apprenticeship. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. But the boy said, "I never drink that stuff." The foreman said, "We never have teetotalers here. You'll either have this glass of beer inside or outside." The boy answered, "I brought my clean jacket with me, and a good char-

acter. You may spoil my jacket, but you shall not spoil my character." Such a firm stand is necessary in these days of soliciting vice. Some years ago, a man was in the throes of delirium tremens. He thought the devil was coming after him at one o'clock in the night, and had told a preacher so. The preacher tried to argue him out of the opinion that the devil would call for him at that time. But when his efforts failed the preacher got six men to stay with the poor victim of drink. At one o'clock, those six men could not hold the poor fellow in bed. He exclaimed, "Look there! See him! There they are! They are after me! He is going to take me to hell! He is after me!" And thus the man raved in his wild delirium. He was reaping what he sowed. Doubtless there was a time when he thought God would be a hard master to serve, and so he was deceived into serving the devil. But he found the devil to be a hard master. For "The way of the transgressor is hard." Whenever a man lets the devil deceive him, disaster is the inevitable result. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." At the Paris exposition, many years ago, a painting was exhibited, representing a man sowing tares. He was of a hideous countenance, and was taking out a handful of seeds, and sowing them all around. Every where a tare fell, there grew up some vile reptile, and the reptiles were crawling up on his body, and

all around him. The painting also represented a forest thicket in the distance, and wild beasts were prowling around the borders of the thicket, and they had that fiendish look. Oh! What a fearful thing to sow the tares of sin; for the reaping time is sure to come. And with the examples of current and past history all around them, men and women, boys and girls, still go on sowing the tares of sin, with a liberal hand. And then they sometimes scoff when we warn them, and tell them, that "Whatsoever a man sows the same shall he also reap." But the reaping time comes soon.

Years ago, in the State of New Jersey, a man was on trial for his life. At the conclusion of the oral arguments and the instructions, the jury went out to consider their verdict. For four long days the jury remained out. During the long trial in court, little children climbed up on their father's knees, and said, "Papa, Papa, come home. Mamma cries so much now you are away." The law had that man in its grip. He was simply reaping what he sowed. In a burst of anger, he toop a weapon, and shot down another man. It is so bad to see innocent children in a home suffer for the sins of their parents. Even the carelessness of parents brings sorrow, and even death, to their children. There was a man in Tennessee, who made a practice of capturing rattlesnakes and selling them to circus men. He caught a rattlesnake that had fourteen rattles and a button.

He put the rattler in a glass jar, with a glass cover over it. He was cutting wood, while his little son was playing near. Unobserved by the father, the boy slipped back the cover of the glass jar. The rattlesnake wriggled out, and struck the boy on the cheek. The boy ran to his father and said, "The rattler bit me." The father ran to the rattler, and chopped it to pieces. Then he took his knife, and cut a piece of flesh out of the boy's cheek, then put his own lips to the wound, and did his best to suck out the poison. But his efforts were without success. He watched his son's eyes. They became bloodshot. He saw his son's body swell to two or three times its normal size. He saw the boy's lips as they became dry and parched. Then his son gasped and died. The father, in his mental agony, exclaimed, "Oh God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled out of the mountains." And right now some of you fathers are guilty of neglect, carelessness, and other sins that expose your sons to danger and death. Mothers, some of you are guilty of neglecting your daughters, and leaving them exposed to the temptations and dangers of sin, while you are preoccupied with your own worldly pursuit of pleasure and fashion and society. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap; because he that sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the Spirit shall

of the Spirit reap life eternal." Many of you are already reaping the fruits of sin. Now quit sowing sin and sow to the Spirit, that you may reap life eternal. As sure as the bite of the rattlesnake fatally poisoned the physical being of little Jim, son of the Tennessee farmer, just that certain will the sin, sowed in your life, fatally poison your moral and spiritual being. The virus of sin has already penetrated your nature, and there is only one remedy for the sin, only one antidote to its death dealing poison. If you want to be healed, and if you want your children healed of the poison of sin, apply the last part of my text, and apply it now. "He that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." Quit sowing sin, and sow to the Spirit now. I urge you to come forward, while the choir sings. Sow to the Spirit, and claim, and obtain the healing that is promised. If you sow to the Spirit, you will of the Spirit reap life eternal. Come without a moment's delay.

VII

CAPTURING THE COLONEL

This is related to the subject of Sowing and Reaping

S. W. BRANDOM

Text: Galatians, 6:7-8. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap; because he that sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." (Worrell's Translation).

A man reaps what he sows. If he sows wheat, he expects to reap wheat. If he sows oats, he expects to reap oats. If he plants potatoes, he doesn't expect to reap watermelons. If he sows turnip seed, he doesn't expect to reap a harvest of grapes. When he plants corn, he expects to reap a harvest of corn.

Maybe you say that a man sometimes sows wheat, and at the harvest his crop is cheat. That is like the case mentioned in the Bible of an enemy sowing tares while the owner of the field slept. Maybe you say wheat turns to cheat. But you are mistaken, if you say that. Paul said, in Philippians 2:12, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." There is a reason for working out your salvation. The enemy sows tares, and you must work out your salvation, if you have any, in order to keep out the tares of vice, and prevent the weeds of sin from choking it out. The weeds have to be killed. "Whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." A young man may say that he must sow his wild oats. But just as sure as he sows wild oats, he will have to reap wild oats. This truth of reaping what you sow is verified all through life, and is proven by the facts of current and past history.

CAPTURING THE COLONEL

Before the internal disturbances in Mexico began some years ago, there lived in Old Sonora (one of the northern states of the republic), a family of great wealth. The family that I refer to was the Senior Talamantes, with his wife and their two sons. They owned a large tract of land, employed many laborers, and wielded great influence in their state.

In a federal raid led by Col. Chiapas, they were arrested in the early days of the insurrec-

tion. At the beginning of the internal disturbances they were suspected of revolutionary leanings. By the order of Col. Chiapas, the Senior Talamantes and his two sons were executed in sight of their hacienda. Before their execution, the wife and mother called on Col. Chiapas, and pleaded for the lives of her husband and sons. Her petitions were of no avail. He sneered at her. She soon found that she was pleading with a man who was brutalized with drink. Later she heard the shots which sent her husband and sons into eternity. Her efforts and pleadings had failed to save the lives of those she loved best in this world. After the death of her loved ones, she published an offer of a reward, of twenty thousand dollars in gold, for the capture and delivery into her hands of Col. Chiapas. However, no one could penetrate the guard of federal soldiers that constantly surrounded the Colonel. Then the widow gathered about her the employes and friends of the Talamantes family, and at their head she took the field. She commanded them with great skill in a number of battles and skirmishes. Her forces grew to be one of the largest revolutionary bands in old Sonora, and all the time she was drawing nearer to the command of Colonel Chiapas. Until the second week of May, 1911, she kept getting nearer to Col. Chiapas's command. On the night of May 9, 1911, she captured Colonel Chiapas. With dignity, and with great satisfaction, she took him prisoner.

When morning came, May 10, 1911, just as the rim of the sun glowed above the eastern horizon, the widow Talementes gave a sharp command. There was a quick roll of fire from a dozen rifles, and the body of Colonel Chiapas fell, crumpled up, and lay quivering at the edge of a newly made trench. One of the men of the firing squad stepped out and advanced to the trench, turned the body over with his foot, saw that ten bullets had pierced the body, and then tumbled it into the trench. Colonel Chiapas had reaped what he sowed. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." If you are deceitful, and deceive others, you will reap deceit, for others will deceive you. If you sow cruelty to others, you will reap cruelty, for others will be cruel to you. If you teach your children to disobey God, you will reap disobedience in your own children, for they will disobey you. Many a man is broken hearted because his children were disobedient to him after he had taught them to disobey God. He is simply reaping what he sowed, "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap."

There was a wealthy man whom the world called prosperous. He was a saloon keeper, and lived near a widow that had an only son. The widow's son was enticed into the saloon night after night. At last he went home drunk. The widow called on the saloon keeper, and asked him not to sell her boy any more liquor. He told her to mind her own business,

and he would mind his, that he had a license to sell liquor, and would sell to whom he pleased. The boy finally went down to a drunkard's grave. The gray haired mother was tottering in sorrow, with a broken heart, on the brink of the grave. But in less than five years, that saloon keeper's only son put a revolver to his own head, during a drunken spree, and blew his brains out. Soon after that, the saloon keeper went down to his grave, with a broken heart. He reaped as he sowed. If you sell booze to another man's son, another man will sell booze to your son. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." You can close your Bible and still find abundant proof of the truth of the text. In the days of Louis XI, of France, he had a cruel Bishop who persecuted some of the saints of God. The King asked him how he could make their punishment more cruel. The Bishop said: "Well, make them a cage, and have it so short and narrow that they cannot lie down, and so low they cannot stand straight, and they will have to be in a bent position all the while." The cage was made, and the very first one who went into it was the Bishop himself. For fourteen years the King kept him in that cage. The bishop reaped what he sowed. His experience was a living proof of the truth of Proverbs, 28:10, "He shall fall himself into his own pit." The dreadful effect, in this life, of sowing sin, is revealed by the following historical facts, in connection with the painting, by

Leonardo Da Vinci, of his master piece, named, "The Last Supper." The artist sought a long time for a model for the Christ. He wanted a young man of pure character and blameless life, so that he could get just the look in the face that he wanted to paint in his picture. Finally he found a young man of beautiful countenance, whose life also was said to be as beautiful as his face. The youth was a singer in a church choir in Rome, and his name was Pietro Bandinelli. This youth sat as the model for the picture of the Christ. Years afterwards, the painting of "The Last Supper" was still unfinished. The eleven apostles had all been put on the canvass, but the artist had sought in vain for some one that suited his conception of what the model for Judas should be. He sought for a man so hardened by sin, and so degraded by vice, that his very face would reveal the awful ravages of a wicked life. One day, in the city of Rome, he found just the model he wanted to represent Judas Iscariot. It was a face ~~with~~ so villainous, and vile, and hardened, that it was repulsive to the artist himself. Da Vinci secured him to sit as the model for his Judas. When the picture was completed, the artist said: "I have not yet asked your name, but I will now." The man answered, "Pietro Bandinelli." And looking intently at the artist, he then said: "I also sat to you as the model for your Christ." Da Vinci was astonished, and would not believe the poor wretch's statement, until proof was

produced that established its truth. Pietro Bandinelli, whose face was once so sweet and pure that it inspired Da Vinci to paint that face as the face of Christ, had been sowing sin in his life, and was already reaping the terrible harvest of a degraded and vile character, which so defiled and marred the once beautiful face, that it had degenerated to one suited to represent the arch traitor, Judas Iscariot. That is a good illustration of what sin does. It removes from the countenance and blots out every semblance of God, and puts in its place the image of the devil. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap."

Another truth is that when a man sows, he expects to reap more than he sows. You sow a handful of grain and reap a bushel. Likewise, you have to reap more evil than you sow. Sometimes the reaping comes soon after the sowing, and sometimes the reaping is delayed. But the reaping time comes sooner or later. There are four cases of recent occurrence that establish the truth of what I am saying. The four cases I mention, are four men who were arrested in the same year, 1911. 1st, Thomas Edgar Stripling, chief of police at Danville, Virginia, under the assumed name of R. E. Morris, was discovered and arrested. He was an escaped life convict and had been sentenced for the murder of Bill Cornett, in Harris county, Georgia, in 1897. At Danville, he had risen from the position of night

watchman to chief of police, and was in the full uniform of his office when arrested. He telephoned to his wife, the message, "Smith has found me." He was allowed to go home to say farewell to his faithful wife and a half dozen adoring children, who were in paroxysms of grief over the sudden tragedy to their once happy home. Reaping what he sowed. 2nd, Senator James A. Murtha, a State Senator of Michigan, was exposed as the same James A. Murtha of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was disbarred in 1905, on the charge of appropriating to his own use two thousand dollars that belonged to a widow client. It appeared that he had led an honorable life in Michigan, and, like Stripling, had been honored by the people in his new home.

3rd, T. B. Whitson, for sixteen years a respected citizen of Whiteburg, Ky., amassed a fortune in business. But he was rearrested and sent back to North Carolina state prison, to serve out an unexpired sentence of thirty years, for the murder of C. C. Byrd, in 1883. In being returned to the penitentiary of North Carolina, Whitson leaves behind him, in Kentucky, a wife that he married during his honorable career, and who knew nothing about his criminal record.

4th, John A. Jacobs, a wealthy grocer of Boston, Mass., was arrested and returned to Kansas City, Mo., to answer the charge of stealing fourteen hundred dollars from Charles F. Schnier, by whom Ja-

cobs was employed as a collector thirteen years before. Jacobs was forty-one years old at the time of his return to Kansas City. He had remained a bachelor, so that he is the only one of these four cases whose reaping does not bring a harvest of sorrow to others besides himself. All these men escaped the clutches of the officers of the law for years, but they had to reap what they sowed. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." There is one thing that you can count on, without any chance of failure, viz: your sin will find you out, sometime, somewhere. You may sneer and laugh, and you may think that you will cover your tracks so completely that they can never be found, and that you will hide the sin by burying it so deep that it can never have a resurrection. But your sin is sure to be found out. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." Your sin is known. God knows it, and it is folly and blindness to believe that your sin will never come to light. Think for a moment of the sons of the old patriarch Jacob. They put their brother Joseph in a pit in the wilderness. Twenty years afterward, in the distant land of Egypt, their sin found them out, and they reaped what they sowed. Joseph put them in prison, and then they remembered their sin of the long ago. See Genesis 42:21. "And they said one to another, 'We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the

distress of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us.' "

Twenty long years had rolled away into the past, but their sin had overtaken them in a strange land. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap."

The person that steals a dime is as truly a thief as the one who steals a thousand dollars. Embezzlers, forgers, and defaulters begin with small peculations. Little by little the habit of dishonesty grows, until exposure comes, then the trial in court, followed by a sentence to the penitentiary, and the life is ruined and the name is disgraced. When one starts on the downward road, he just takes a step at a time. Every week I meet people who are already reaping the harvest of evil sowing. They sowed wild oats years ago, and are now reaping the terrible harvest. "For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." I now invite your attention to the last part of my text. "But he that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." This gives the only remedy for the evil sowing of the past. All of you have found the first part of my text to be true, and many of you are already reaping the awful harvest of the sin which you sowed in the past. Now make a personal test of the last part of the text, and to-night sow to the Spirit, and claim personally the promise of life eternal. Valentine Burke, at the age

of forty years, was a prisoner in the city of St. Louis. He had spent one half of his life in prison. He sowed the wild oats of sin in early youth, and the harvest time began early in his life. The great evangelist, D. L. Moody, was holding meetings in the city, and the Globe-Democrat had undertaken to print, each day, the sermon that Mr. Moody preached on the preceding night. When Mr. Moody learned that the Globe-Democrat was to publish his sermons, he decided to quote his text as often as he conveniently could, in order that the thousands who read the sermons, and did not attend the services, would read the text so often that it would make a lasting impression on them. One evening, a news boy was near the St. Louis jail, selling papers; and was loudly announcing the headlines of one of the articles, saying, "The Jailer at Philippi caught." Valentine Burke heard the news boy, and thought the article referred to the jail keeper at a town of the name of Philippi, in southern Illinois. He knew something about that jailer, and was anxious to find out how he had been caught, and consequently, Burke got the news boy's attention, and purchased a paper. In the sermon about the jailer, Mr. Moody used the text, Acts, 16:31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This text was quoted nine times in the sermon. Valentine Burke began reading the article with the head lines about catching the jailer at Philippi, and was soon into the midst of the

sermon. He became interested, and read the sermon clear through. That included the nine times that the text was quoted. He had to light a little candle to finish the sermon, as darkness came on while he was reading. He put out the light, when he finished, and went to bed. But it was impossible to sleep. He kept thinking about that text. He arose from the cot, lit the small candle, and read the sermon again. By that time he had read the text at least eighteen times. He retired again, but as before, he could not sleep. He tossed and rolled on the cot, and finally got up again, and lighted the little candle, and read the sermon over, the little candle giving out just about the time he finished. That made three times that he had read the sermon, and twenty-seven times that he had read the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Still he could not sleep; and after a sleepless night, about the time the first streaks of the dawn were making the darkness of night fade away, Valentine Burke dropped on his knees on the floor of his cell, and prayed for salvation. Peace came into his heart as soon as he made his surrender to God. He was in prison awaiting trial for some crime; but when the time for trial arrived, the witnesses against him did not appear, and he was released. Like others before and since, he had to meet temptation, and go through the struggles to test his faith. But God was true, as He always is, and Valentine Burke became an honored,

trusted, and respected citizen of his city. He sowed to the Spirit, and of the Spirit reaped life eternal. Will you here and now emulate his example of surrendering to God, and sow to the Spirit, and receive eternal life, which is freely offered in Christ? Sow to the Spirit now.

VIII

ANOTHER ADDRESS ON SOWING AND REAPING

S. W. BRANDOM

Text: Galatians, 6:7-8. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap; because he that sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." (Worrell's Translation).

In the two preceding addresses, I have treated this subject in a general way. In the present address, I purpose to call attention to some of the special ways that men reap what they sow. **In the first place,** men reap what they sow in the conduct and disposition of their fellow men. The cruel and brutal man receives cruel and brutal treatment from his fellow men. According to Genesis 9:6, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." I do not want to be quoted as giving any sort of an approval of mob violence. But I simply state some facts. God does not give any expression in His word, that can be twisted into an approval of sin and its awful consequences. Still God states a truth, as a fact, when He says, "The wages of sin is death." He

states another truth, as a fact, when he gives the language of the texts I have already quoted, "Whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap," and "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Years ago, I was located for a time in Kansas. A few weeks after the laying out of the town of Ashland, in Clark county, there was a building boom; and after some homes had been established, and some business places were opened, the cowboys seemed to have a grudge against the town, because it was started as a temperance town. They would go to Clark Center, about two miles north of Ashland, and fill up on bad whisky, and then come down to Ashland and shoot up the town. One night, two of them rode down the main street, and began shooting up the town, and shot down two inoffensive men that were standing in front of a restaurant. Before many hours passed, the citizens of the town had one of the murderers in their power, and they dragged him down street, at the end of a rope, and strung him up in the lumber yard in short western style. That man's name was Joe Mitchell. He reaped what he sowed, and the reaping time came in a few brief hours after the sowing. Only a few years after that, his brother was helping a man named Johnson to control a herd of horses. Johnson lived in Colorado, and was in my law office in a Colorado town, on some law matters, only a few days previous to start-

ing west to buy a herd of horses. He took his son, a lad of somewhere from ten to fifteen years old, and Mitchell, with him. He purchased a large herd of horses, as I afterward heard, and took them to Denver, and from Denver he journeyed east, following the Arkansas river, stopping at the towns to sell what horses he could, and finally reached Syracuse, Kansas. At Syracuse, he so reduced the herd, by numerous sales, that he decided to let his hired help go, and therefore paid Mitchell what he owed him, and let him go. The night following the discharge of Mitchell, Johnson and son drove the horses out into the country, a few miles from Syracuse, and went into camp. The horses were left to graze on the prairie, while Johnson and son put their bedding under the wagon, and retired for the night. Next day, away along toward noon, some of the settlers noticed that the horses had scattered over the prairie, and no one was seen about the camper's wagon, and so several of the settlers went to the wagon to see what was the matter. There they found the son of Johnson dead from a fractured and crushed skull, and saw where his brains had spattered the spokes of one wagon wheel, and Mr. Johnson himself was unconscious from a cracked skull, but was breathing. Of course, all was done that could be done for the unfortunate man. About a week afterward, Mr. Johnson became conscious, and told of some one disturbing him, and of his own

efforts to rise, whereupon a voice commanded him to lie down, and then something hit him on the head, that being the last he remembered of the events of that fatal night. He thought the voice he heard was Mitchell's. From this account, the clew was obtained, and the murderer was captured. I drove into Cooledge, Kansas, the very day that Mitchell was taken back to Syracuse. He had stolen a horse over near the state line in Colorado on the night of the murder, and when Mr. Johnson gave the clew to the doctors and officers in Syracuse, Mitchell was in jail at Trinidad, on a charge of horse stealing. Without waiting to try the prisoner for horse stealing, the governor of Colorado honored the requisition from Kansas, and the prisoner was delivered to the Kansas authorities. When I drove into Cooledge, I put my team in a barn, and soon stepped into a store. It was nearly sun down when I stepped into the store. After some conversation, and after attending to my business there, the merchant asked me to go with him to Syracuse. He said the officers had taken Mitchell to Syracuse, on the afternoon train, from the west, and the merchant volunteered this statement: "And they'll hang him tonight, as certain as they've got him, and I'm going down to see it." I declined his very kind invitation, and therefore missed the neck-tie party. But the party was pulled off according to the prearranged plans, and the next day when I drove

into Syracuse, it was no trouble to learn the details of the necktie party. The Mitchell corpse was an object of curiosity to the many who went to view the remains. That victim of mob violence, like his brother at Ashland, reaped what he sowed. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall be also reap." You probably can think of many other equally well known instances, where some man has sowed to the wind, and reaped the whirlwind of the wrath of his fellow men.

In the second place, men reap what they sow, in the execution of human laws. The very next summer after the hanging of Joe Mitchell by the mob, at Ashland, Kansas, Dr. Layfield, a dentist of Ashland, was shot one night, at his claim, some seven miles from town. In a few hours after the discovery of the crime, Tobe Taylor was subpoenaed as a witness for the inquest, and was never released, but was held for the murder, and in due time was convicted, and sentenced, according to law. He reaped what he sowed, and the reaping time came on soon after the murder. Sometimes the reaping is delayed; but the reaping is sure to come. Only a little over two years ago, I read, in a daily paper, the account of the arrest of a man for a murder that he committed away back in 1865. The statement I read is as follows, date June 30, 1911:

“Farmer, 79, jailed for killing 50 years ago.—Bonham, Tex., June 30.—David W. Byers, a respected farmer of Greenville, Tex., today is under arrest by sheriff V. E. Leeman. Byers is charged with the murder of L. L. Harris at this place nearly 50 years ago. He is 79 years old. It is said there is only one living witness, and that he now resides in Fort Smith, Ark. The killing occurred Dec. 10, 1865. Since then, the accused has been at large, his location having been discovered only recently by Sheriff Leeman. The only living witness is Geo. W. Doncho, it is said. Byers for many years was a resident of south Texas, prior to his removal to the farm 3 miles north of Greenville.” Forty-five and one-half years passed into history between the killing and the arrest, but the reaping time, although long delayed, came with unfailing certainty. Webster stated this truth, in different words, in the great Knapp murder trial, when he said, “Murder will out.” But crimes against the commonwealth are not the only sins, not by any means. And stealing visible goods and chattels is not the only kind of theft in the world. A much worse sort of stealing is stealing character and reputation. Stealing a good name is worse than stealing visible chattel property. I’d much rather you’d steal my purse than my good name and reputation. Shakespeare expressed what I mean, when he wrote the lines, “Who steals my purse steals trash. ‘Twas mine; ’Tis his, and has been slave to

thousands. But he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed." Still, the one that sows the seeds of slander and libel, must reap what he sows. His sin will bring sorrow to himself, some time, somewhere. Years ago, an old minister of the gospel, who lived near my father's home, was slandered; and the lies traveled many miles before the truth of the matter had started on the trip of correction and refutation. That is always the case. The lie of the slanderer does its dirty work, before the truth has a chance to be heard. The slander of the old preacher was much spoken of at the meeting of the old West Fork Association, for he preached the introductory sermon that same year. His discourse was an able one, and, at the dinner hour, an old sister remarked, that she would have enjoyed the sermon much better, if she had not heard that report on the doctor. He was a D. D. The "report" well nigh destroyed the doctor's usefulness as a minister of the gospel, before he or his friends learned anything about it. My father was at that time a Baptist deacon with some more than average influence and reputation, and he and Bro. C. M. Williams went to the trouble to ferret out the facts or falsehood of the "report." With the information they obtained, they were enabled to establish the falsity of the "report," and they were also enabled to locate the man responsible for the slander.

They even went to the slanderer, and faced him with his falsehood, and when confronted with the proof of his perfidy, the slanderer began to plead and beg for mercy, for an action in the civil courts for damages was hinted at. That slanderer had to reap what he sowed. A wealthy man, in southern Missouri, slandered a neighbor who was also wealthy. The slanderous statement was of such a nature, that, if true, the man accused was liable to an indictment for a felony. The grand jury was finally engaged in an investigation of the charges, and acted wiser than the average grand jury, for it subpoenaed witnesses to hear both sides. The accused man himself was subpoenaed, and thus he obtained notice of the investigation. He went to work; first, to convince the grand jury of his innocence, which he did to the entire satisfaction of that body of his fellow citizens. Then, second, he proceeded to ascertain the source of the charges. He finally found an old Baptist merchant who had heard the slanderer make the slanderous statements; and with that witness, the slandered man confronted his enemy, and demanded that he choose one or the other of the two horns of a dilemma. The accused man said, "You can get in the buggy, and go to town with us, and make an affidavit that you told this lie on me, and that you knew it was a lie when you told it, or I will sue you for damages before the sun goes down." And he then added this statement: "You could have my

money, but you can't have my character. I'm going to save that for my children." The man, thus confronted with his sin of slander, went to town, and made the affidavit required, and thus escaped a suit for damages; but he was shown up in a very undesirable light before his neighbors. He reaped what he sowed. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, the same shall be also reap."

Another recent example of reaping the fruits of sin in the execution of human laws, is the now famous case of Rev. Richeson, who was pastor of a Boston church. His sin and crime of inducing his former sweetheart, of whom he had grown tired, to take a capsule containing cyanide, was established to the apparent satisfaction of court and jury, although the victim of his betrayal and crime, Miss Avis Linnel, died under circumstances which indicated that the criminal intended that her death should be held to be suicide. But the criminal preacher was executed for his crime, and has left another example which affords additional proof of the truth of my text, that "Whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap." The now famous case in New York of Hans Schmidt, Catholic priest and murderer, who brutally slaughtered Anna Aumueler, is another proof of my text.

The recent cases of John J. and James B. McNamara, confessed murderers and dynamiters, afford

further proof of the text. I might multiply these examples indefinitely, but the cases I have mentioned are enough to show the frequency of people reaping what they sow, in the ordinary execution of human laws.

In the third place, people reap what they sow, in their own bodies. I knew a young man in my own county some years ago, who was guilty of social sins. He was soon diseased, as a direct result of his social errors. He lost his eye sight, as one result of his social sins. He was sent to a school for the blind, and the last time I saw him, he was being led along the street of the town where he was once a happy, rollicking, playful, healthy boy. He had to reap the terrible harvest of the sin which he sowed in his young life. And what a terrible reaping!

Some years ago, I was principal of the Pattonsburg schools. The two railroads run right through the town. One evening, about sundown, in the month of September, a boy undertook to ride a moving freight train. His home was only a short distance from the Wabash tracks. His father had frequently forbidden his jumping trains, and had repeatedly warned him of the great danger of such a course. But, like many another boy, he thought he knew better than his father. In trying to jump on the car, his feet went under the wheels, and one limb was crushed into a pulp, from just below the knee to the foot, and part of the other foot was cut

off. I was at the Lindel hotel. Dr. Barlow, who was a student in the first school that I ever taught, came to the hotel and asked me to go with him and act as his assistant in amputating the unfortunate boy's limb. He wanted me to administer the anaesthetic, and help in other ways if necessary. I am not anxious for another invitation of that nature. The boy lived for several weeks, but his home surroundings were very poor, and after weeks of suffering, and while agonizing and pleading for life, he died. He reaped a terrible harvest for sowing the sin of disobedience to parents.

Men and women, and boys and girls, sin against the laws of their own physical being, and reap the horrible harvest of disease, physical weakness, bodily suffering, shortened life, with impaired energy and impoverished strength, and premature death. Oh! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap."

In the fourth place, men reap what they sow, in character. If a man sows sin, he will reap a harvest in undesirable character. For example, the man who swears has a character that is honeycombed with rottenness. The swearing man, being deficient in reverence for God, has no solid foundation for a good character, and is like the wooden houses in India that are eaten full of holes by the white ants of that country; and although the holes are not visible to the casual observer, when a storm

of much violence comes, the structure falls, on account of the weakness of the ant eaten timbers. The character of the swearing man is so weakened, with the eating of the little ants of irreverence, that, when any strain comes against his character, he falls. Furthermore, no man can long maintain a good name, even among his fellow men, without a solid character to sustain that name. Shakespeare says, "The purest treasure mortal times afford, is spotless reputation. That away, men are but gilded loam or painted clay. A jewel in a ten times barred up chest, is a bold spirit in a loyal breast."

In a commercial sense, character is the best asset, and the surest backing that a man can have. It is the collateral that secured the loan in time of financial danger and distress. It is the foundation of the credit extended by the wholesale house, and the basis of the permitted overdraft at the bank. Young man, if you want a safe foundation for a successful business career, invest in a good personal character as your one best and safest financial asset. You cannot sin without starting an ulcer on your private character. If you wrong a man in regard to his family, you make a moral ulcer on your own character.

In the fifth place, you reap the harvest of sin in your conscience. Shakespeare says, "Conscience makes cowards of us all." The Latin poet Juvenal

said, "Trust me no torture that the poets feign, Can match the fierce unutterable pain, He feels, Who, night and day, devoid of rest, Carries his own accuser in his breast."

Lord Byron said: "Thus the dark in soul expire, Or live like scorpion, Girt with fire. Thus writhes the soul remorse hath riven, Unfit for earth, Undoomed for Heaven. Darkness above, despair beneath, Around him gloom, within him death."

An article in a daily paper, in 1911, contained the following, as an item of news: "Confesses to Old Murder.—Man Haunted by Memory of Crime 12 Years Ago, Surrenders.—New York, Feb. 6.—Haunted by the memory of a crime committed twelve years ago, a man who said he was King McNamara, formerly of Lexington, Ky., surrendered to the police of the West Thirtieth street station last night. He said he had killed a man in Lexington and that a reward of \$10,000 had been offered for his arrest. Lexington dispatches confirm his statement." Maybe you say your conscience does not bother you on account of your past sins. Many a man fails to heed his conscience, until it becomes seared as with a hot iron; but it will wake up some day, and woe to the man whose conscience wakes up in all of its renewed and aroused pangs of remorse! Years ago, a girl, who had drifted into a city from the farm, went the downward road, as many another girl has done, and one night the Fiske Jubilee Singers gave

a concert in the city, and a friend gave her a ticket to the concert. She found a seat up in the gallery. Finally, those black musicians, with their rich and deep musical voices, sang a song, with the strange and wierd refrain,

“My mother once, my mother twice, my mother
she’ll rejoice.

In Heaven once, in Heaven twice, my mother
she’ll rejoice.”

As the strains of that refrain floated up on the air into the gallery, that fallen girl was deeply stirred. In memory she saw a cottage home in the country, the shades of night had gathered, and there was a little table in the sitting room; on the table sat a lighted kerosene lamp, and by the table, seated in a rocking chair, was a middle aged woman with an open Bible on her lap, and kneeling by her side, was a golden haired little four year old girl, learning to say her first prayer. She remembered that the little golden haired girl was herself. Just then the singers again came to the refrain,

“My mother once, my mother twice, my mother
she’ll rejoice.

In Heaven once, in Heaven twice, my mother
she’ll rejoice.”

That girl arose from her seat in the gallery, went down the gallery stairs, and out of the opera house into the cold of the severe winter night. She hurried along the gas lighted street, on and on, till she

passed the last gas light of the city street, and still she hastened on along the country highway that led toward the cottage home of her childhood. The next morning, when a certain farmer opened his front door, there lay that poor girl, clutching the threshold, dead! She was driven to death by an aroused and awakened, but accusing conscience. She reaped the harvest of sin in an accusing conscience.

Years ago, in a certain neighborhood, a man left home and never returned. He was last seen with another man, and although some folks suspicioned the other man, they had no proof of crime, and so the disappearance of the absent man remained an unexplained mystery. Years went by, many farms in the neighborhood changed hands, and the citizenship had very largely changed too. One day, a man, who lived in the community, was away from home some distance, and heard someone screaming with a loud voice. Going in the direction from which the sound came, he soon found a man looking down into an old abandoned shaft, gesturing, and screaming, "There he goes! There he goes! There he goes!!" The screaming man was the very one who was last seen with the missing man years before. He had pushed his neighbor into that old abandoned shaft, and although no one else in all the world knew it, he knew it himself, and remorse of conscience had finally driven him to insanity. They

investigated, and found the skeleton of a man at the bottom of the shaft. The murderer reaped what he sowed, and he reaped it in his own conscience. These incidents prove that there is a moral governor in this universe, and that one of the laws in the universe is, that "Whatsoever a man sows, the same shall he also reap."

In the sixth place, men reap the fruit of sin in their children. "The sins of parents are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation." In the language of the illustrious Shakespeare, "Tis true tis pity, and pity tis tis true." But children inherit both physical and mental weaknesses, and also diseases from their parents, and moral delinquencies too. I know a man who used to be on the liquor side of the temperance question, and favored the licensing of the saloons. He had a naturally brilliant boy who became a drunkard. He reaped what he sowed, and reaped it in his own boy. Years ago, in Trenton, Mo., a saloon keeper had a son that became a common sot and street loafer, so that the saloon keeper felt that the boy was a disgrace to him and his family, and he actually drove that boy out of town, telling him never to come back. He was reaping, in his boy, the harvest of his long life of sowing sin in that iniquitous liquor traffic. Many men that have become diseased as a result of certain specific sins, reap the horrible harvest in their afflicted children. A vast number of the cases of

incurable blindness are the direct result of disease of the fathers, resulting from specific vices. There is, of course, a great amount of physical suffering in the world not caused by specific sins. But those cases may be estimated in coefficients, while those caused by specific sins should be estimated by exponents. One is by addition, the other by multiplication. If there is anything in this world that should make a man hesitate to commit sin, it certainly is the awful truth that his sins will be visited on his innocent children and grandchildren. It is a terrible thing for children to be hampered, and afflicted all through life, because of sins for which they are in no way responsible. But it is a law of nature, and of physical being, that every thing produces its kind, and the same law of heredity holds with human kind as with every thing else, both with plant life and animal life.

In the seventh place, men reap the greatest penalty and punishment for sin in eternity. The sixteenth chapter of Luke gives the case of the rich man in hell. The account is that, "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." Oh, the awful, indescribable pain, and unceasing anguish of the tortures of a never ending hell! If you should be so fortunate as to escape reaping the harvest of sin sown in this present life, you cannot escape the reaping in eternity. Now I invite your attention to the fact that I have presented the truth of the law

tonight. The penalty has been stated, and sentence has been passed on every man, and like the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the sentence of destruction is already pronounced, yet there is the example of ancient Nineveh that was also condemned to destruction; but Nineveh repented, and God pardoned the sins of Nineveh, and the penalty was therefore removed, as a special act of the favor of a merciful God. And, in the same way, any one and every one of you may receive pardon, and have the penalty of your sins removed tonight, as a special act of the favor of a merciful God. The last part of my text gives the remedy, and the means of grace, in these words: "but he that sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." Sow to the Spirit now, by accepting Jesus as your personal Savior and Lord and Master, and reap life eternal. Come while the musicians sing.

IX

HOME

S. W. BRANDOM

My text is found in the fifth verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. "HOME." The clause, in which the text is found, is this: "Man goeth to his everlasting home." I do not propose to speak, this morning, of the everlasting abode of the impenitent and unbelieving of our race who die and go to their everlasting home in endless despair, but I want to talk about the everlasting home of the redeemed. The heavenly home. Only a few nights ago, I awoke, some time after midnight, and found that I was thinking of Heaven. There came into my mind an outline of the theme that was uppermost in my thoughts. It so impressed me, that, fearing I would forget it, I arose, got a pencil and a scrap of paper, and wrote the outline. This morning I propose to use that outline, while I speak on the subject of Heaven. I shall also call your attention to some texts of scripture which affirm the truth of the statements of the outline. The outline is as follows, viz: 1, Heaven is a place. 2, Heaven is a beautiful place. 3, Heaven is a happy place. 4, Heaven is a place of good company. 5, We shall

know each other there. 6, Heaven is an everlasting home. 7, What are the terms of admittance?

In the first place, that everlasting home which we call Heaven is a place. Jesus said to the early disciples, according to John 14:2, "I go to prepare a place for you." In the very next verse, He said, "And, if I go and prepare a place for you, I am coming again, and will receive you to Myself; that, where I am, ye may be also." By other texts of scripture which I shall quote under another division of the subject, I find that the place where Jesus said He was going, and to which He did go, is Heaven. Therefore, Heaven is a place.

Second, Heaven is a beautiful place. In proof of this fact, I cite the following statements of scripture:

Rev. 4:2-4, "Behold, there was a throne set in Heaven, and One sitting upon the throne; and He Who was sitting, was, in appearance like a jasper stone and a sardius; there was a rainbow round about the throne, in appearance, like an emerald; and around the throne were twenty-four thrones, and on the thrones twenty-four elders sitting, arrayed in white garments, and on their heads crowns of gold."

Rev. 2:10-12, "And he carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me the city, the holy Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; her

radiance was like a stone most precious, as a jasper stone clear as crystal; having a wall great and high; having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels."

Rev. 21:18-19, "And the material of its wall was jasper; and the city was pure gold, like pure glass. The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with every manner of precious stone."

Rev. 21:21, "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the gates, severally, was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold as transparent glass."

Rev. 22:1-2, "And he showed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, issuing forth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of its street. And on either side of the river, was a tree of life, producing twelve fruits, yielding its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

These are a few of the references that convince us of the indescribable beauty of the everlasting home of the redeemed. The truth is that the more we investigate and study about the heavenly home, the more we see and learn that encourages us to want to go there, and the more the beauty of Heaven shines into our hearts.

There is a cluster of stars called the Pleiades, or seven stars. I can only see six of those stars with my natural eye. Some folks can see seven, while

still others are able to count eight stars in that cluster. With the aid of a telescope many more stars can be seen. Years ago, astronomers claimed to have counted four hundred stars in the cluster of the Pleiades. Some years ago, the Henry Brothers, of Paris, claimed that they had made a larger lens for their telescope, and that they had counted twelve hundred stars in that cluster. Still another astronomer has claimed that he made a still larger lens, and that, by using that larger lens in his telescope, he counted two thousand stars in the cluster of the Pleiades, and that there was a luminous background indicating that there were many more stars farther on. And, as with the cluster of the Pleiades, so with Heaven. The larger and better the vision, the more we are able to see and learn of its beauty.

In the third place, all the people who are so fortunate as to go there will be happy, for Heaven is a happy place. The following texts prove this:

Rev. 22:3, "There shall be no more curse."

Rev. 21:3-4, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they will be His people, and God Himself will be with them, as their God. And He will wipe away every tear from their eyes. And death shall be no more; neither mourning, nor crying, nor pain, shall be any more; because the first things passed away."

Rev. 22:14, "Happy are those who wash their

robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter by the gates into the city.”

Friends, we may be certain that not half has ever been told of the joy and happiness of those who are allowed to enter the heavenly home.

In the fourth place, I am sure that Heaven is a place of good company.

1st, God is there. Rev. 21:3, “God Himself will be with them.

2nd, Our Savior is there. I. Peter, 3:21-22, “Jesus Christ, Who is on the right hand of God, having gone into Heaven, angels and authorities having been made subject to Him.” Col. 3:1, “Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.” Heb. 9:24, “For Christ entered not into holy places made with hand, patterns of the true; but into Heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God in our behalf.”

3rd, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are in Heaven. Matt. 8:11, “I say to you that many will come from the east and the west, and will sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven.”

4th, A great multitude of people will be there. Rev. 19:6-7, “And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, ‘Hallelujah! because the Lord our God, the Almighty, became King! Let us rejoice, and exult, and give

glory to Him; because the marriage of the Lamb came, and His wife made herself ready.' ”

5th, Many angels will also be there. Rev. 5:11-12, “And I saw, and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and of the living creatures, and of the elders, (and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands), saying, with a great voice, ‘Worthy is the Lamb Who hath been slain, to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing!’ ”

6th, Many will make music with harps, ever there. Rev. 14:2-3, “And I heard a voice out of Heaven, as a voice of many waters, and as a voice of great thunder; and the voice which I heard was as that of harpers, harping with their harps. And they sing as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four living creatures and the elders.”

7th, An innumerable multitude will be there, with white robes, and bearing palms in their hands. Rev. 7:9, 14-17, “I saw, and, behold, a great multitude, which no one could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands.” “These are those who came out of the great tribulation; and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. For this reason are they before the throne of God, and they serve Him day

and night in His Temple; and He Who sitteth on the throne will spread His tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more." "Because the Lamb, Who is in the midst of the throne, will be their Shepherd, and will guide them to the fountains of the waters of life; and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes."

Dear friends, it is very comforting to me to think of the glorious and splendid company that we will have when we get to Heaven.

In the fifth place, I invite your attention to the fact that we shall know each other there. One proof is I Cor. 13:12, "Now we see through a mirror, obscurely, but then, face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall fully know."

A preacher's wife asked him if he thought they would know each other in Heaven. He answered, saying, "We know each other here, and we will certainly not have any less sense when we get to Heaven." It is unreasonable to think of people dwelling forever in the same home, and never knowing each other. Strangers do not dwell together in the same happy home. Yes, we shall know each other there. For a verse of scripture already quoted says, "Then I shall fully know." Besides, we all know that the people dwelling continually and intimately in the same home do not long remain strangers. Furthermore, we have the incident, mentioned in the Bible, of Peter, James and John, who

saw Jesus transfigured before them, and they saw two other persons with Jesus, and they at once knew that the other two were Moses and Elijah, although neither Peter nor James nor John had ever seen either Moses or Elijah before that hour. That incident is sufficient to convince us that we shall be able, in Heaven, to recognize, at sight, even people that we never knew on earth; and, for a still stronger reason, we shall know those whom we have seen and loved here on earth. There is no place like the heavenly home, and we shall know each other there.

More than sixty years ago, an American citizen who was representing the U. S. at the capitol of the Barbary States died at Tunis, Africa, and was buried. After his body had rested for over thirty years in the sands of Africa, another citizen of our country asked and obtained the consent of the Congress of the U. S. to disinter the body of that American patriot and bring it to America, and bury it in one of our national cemeteries. When the American soldiers and the other members of the expedition reached the grave, near Tunis, they found that every civilized and semi-civilized nation of the world had sent representatives there, to be present at the disinterment. Around that lonely grave near Tunis, Africa, were gathered the chosen representatives of the various nations of the world. The Englishman and the Frenchman, the Russian and the

German, the Austrian and the Italian, the Turk and the Persian, the Arab and the Spaniard, stood around the lonely grave. The Christian and the Mohammedan, the Hindoo and the Confucian, the Catholic and the Jew, mingled their tears of sympathy as the American soldiers disinterred the body, and wrapped it in the Stars and Stripes, then placed it in a triple casket, and carried it to the sea. After the triple casket was placed on board, the American vessel left the Barbary coast, plowed through the waters of the Mediterranean sea, crossed the Atlantic ocean, and anchored in the harbor at New York. The Mayor and chief men of the city assembled at the wharf, and served as an escort, while the triple casket was carried to the city hall. There the body lay in state for three days and nights, while the people of every rank and station surged through the building, just to get a glimpse of the triple casket that contained the remains of the deceased. A special train conveyed the remains to Washington, D. C. There, the Supreme Court of the nation, and both houses of Congress adjourned, in honor of the memory of the distinguished patriot. The President and Vice President, senators, supreme court judges, the members of the House of Representatives, the President's cabinet, and the heads of all the several departments of the government, attended the ceremonies connected with the burial of the body of the distinguished American,

in the national cemetery. The greatest men of our country esteemed it an honor to be assigned a place at the funeral. Why was the memory of that one man so precious, not only to his own fellow citizens, but also to the people of all other lands? The answer is this. He had written one song, the song of the home. That song, "HOME SWEET HOME," had been translated into all languages, and wherever the abode of civilized man could be found, that song had been sung, and it had never failed to touch a responsive chord in every human breast. All the world loves the home and the song which expresses the universal regard for home. "Mid pleasures and palaces, Tho' we may roam, Be it ever so humble, There's no place like Home. A charm from the skies, Seems to hallow us there, Which seek through the world, Is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home,

There's no place like home."

Just because he composed that song of the home, the name and fame of John Howard Payne was held in sacred and tender memory by the people of all lands. And while it is true that the best and tenderest memories of earth cluster around the home, there is far greater reason to cherish the thought of the heavenly home, which is the "everlasting home."

In the sixth place, I ask you to consider this fact that Heaven is an "everlasting home." This one

fact should place Heaven far above the homes that we see and know here. Even the best and happiest homes in this world do not last. Their existence and duration are only temporary. Many things occur to break up our happy homes. Our loved ones go away. Often sin enters, and destroys the home. In the course of a few years, at farthest, death comes, and takes away our loved ones, and thus breaks up the home. While our loved ones remain with us in the home, very often they suffer on account of sickness, and burdens of sorrow, and pain resulting from bodily affliction. Often they mourn, and cry, and weep, because of cares and troubles that appear to be too great to bear. But it will not be so in Heaven. According to Rev. 21:4, "He will wipe away every tear from their eyes. And death shall be no more; neither mourning, nor crying, nor pain, shall be any more."

Don't you want to go there, and don't you want your loved ones and your friends to go there, where there'll be no more death, neither mourning, nor crying, nor pain? Then will be fulfilled the promise of God, that "The wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary shall be at rest." "Man goeth to his everlasting home, and the mourners go about the streets." But the mourners go about the streets here on earth, not in Heaven.

In the seventh place, What are the terms of admittance to the heavenly home? When Jesus was

talking to his disciples about going away, in John 14:5-6, "Thomas says to Him, 'Lord, we know not whither Thou art going; how do we know the way?' Jesus saith to him, 'I am the way.'"

By texts of scripture, which I have already quoted, we find that the place to which Jesus was talking of going, and to which He did go, is Heaven itself. He says that He is the way. Therefore, only those who know Jesus know the way to Heaven. You may know what some others have said about Heaven, or what Jesus Himself has said about Heaven, but you do not know the way to Heaven, until you have an experimental knowledge of the way, by yielding yourself to Christ, and accepting Him as your personal Savior and Lord. Not only is Jesus the way to Heaven, but He is the only way. He says, in John 14:6, "No one comes to the Father, except through Me." Hence, being in Christ is the condition of admittance to Heaven. The terms are, YIELDING TO CHRIST. The inspired word teaches us, in II Cor. 5:17, that, "If any one is in Christ, he is a new creature." Jesus tells us, in John, 10:1, 7, 9, "Verily, verily, I say to you, he that enters not through the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, he is a thief and a robber." "Jesus, therefore, said to them again, 'verily, verily, I say to you, I am the door of the sheep.'" "I am the door; through Me if any one enter, he shall be

saved, and shall go in and go out, and find pasture.”

By yielding yourself to Christ, you will find it easy to be saved, no matter how great a sinner you are now, or may have been in the past. See Isaiah, 1:18, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

This promise of God should encourage every one to accept Christ, and to make an effort to get in the way that leads to Heaven. It is also true that thousands are entering Heaven every hour. At every swing of the pendulum, somebody enters the everlasting home. In order that all who will may enter without delay, God has made abundant provisions to enter Heaven. See Rev. 21:13, “On the east were three gates, and on the north three gates, and on the south three gates, and on the west three gates.” Rev. 21:25, “And its gates shall in nowise be shut by day (for there will be no night there).”

I am glad that such abundant provision has been made to enter Heaven, twelve gates, and that the gates are always open. But reflect that if you miss Heaven, you will have no one to blame but yourself; for the provision is ample, and the invitation is general. See Rev. 22:17, “And the Spirit and the bride say, ‘come;’ and let him that hears say, ‘come,’ he that will let him take the water of life freely.” Rev. 22:1, “And he showed me a river of water of

life, bright as crystal, issuing forth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of its street." God invites you to enter Heaven, and take the water of the river of life freely.

Oh! friends, if you miss Heaven, your life is a failure. Think of a man accumulating wealth amounting to millions, and in one day losing it all. You would say that he failed at last. Just so, the man that accumulates even millions of the riches of this world, if he misses Heaven, his life is a failure. He failed at last, and his whole life is a total and complete failure. He has lost all. Just think of the vast and glorious company over there! Angels, multitudes of happy people, and God, and Christ, and some of your own friends and loved ones who have already gone on before, and are now waiting for you over there! Don't you want to go there?

Americans generally love the name of Marquis De LaFayette, because he came to our assistance, with money and armies and ships, when our infant States were struggling against the tyranny and oppression of England. The last time he visited our country, our people very properly attempted to give him such a welcome, and such entertainment, as would express our appreciation of what he had done for the U. S. For he came to our relief when the famous George Washington was very hard pressed for men, and arms, and other munitions of war. As the vessel on which LaFayette sailed approached our

shores, a fleet went out to meet him. A band of musicians played "Hail To The Chief," and the national airs of France; but he appeared to be unmoved. When he stepped on shore, he could plainly see that both land and sea were vibrating with the force and power of the heavy artillery that was being fired as a salute. Still his emotions appeared untouched. He marched under triumphal arches and waving banners, but he was still unmoved. Battle scarred veterans of our wars shook hands with him, but he was unmoved. He was led to Castle Garden, where the greatest men of our nation greeted him and expressed sentiments of appreciation of his visit, but he was still unmoved. At last, he was seated in the great amphitheatre, where special arrangements had been made for his entertainment. When the curtain arose, he beheld there, before his very eyes, an accurate representation of his childhood home, the home where he was born, where he grew up to manhood, and where his father and mother had lived and died. As the sacred tender memories of his boyhood home welled up in his heart, the great man bowed his head, held his face in his hands, and sobbed as though his heart would break. If a view of an earthly home can thus stir the soul, and arouse the sleeping emotions of our nature, what would be the effect if we could get a view of the everlasting home, the Heaven of the future eternity?

If I could just now push aside the curtain which hides Heaven from our sight, so that you could suddenly get a view of the real Heaven as it is, it would not be necessary for me or any one else to speak to you about Heaven; for you would be stirred with an indefinable longing and a yearning to go there. The half has never been told of the bliss, and joy, and beauty, and gladness, of those who dwell in the everlasting home of the redeemed. Loved ones are over there. Some of us have fathers and mothers over there. Some have children over there. Some have brothers and sisters over there. Some have a beloved companion over there; while many of us also have friends over there. And, best of all, some of us have a Savior over there. Oh! friends, don't you want to go there? If so, then yield to Christ, and accept Him, and confess Him, as your Savior and Lord, now. Jesus has said, in Matt. 10:32, "Every one, therefore, who shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father Who is in Heaven."

I will now close this part of our service by quoting the words of a song written by Harry Loper. The sentiment of the song is in full accord with the emotions of my own heart.

"We are told of a home in that city above,

When with life and its cares we are through,
Where the walls are of jasper, the streets are of gold,
I want to go there, don't you?

CHORUS.

I want to go there, I want to go there,
Where loved ones are waiting in that home land
so fair,
Where there's never a trial, a sorrow or care,
I want to go there, don't you?

2.

Since here God has called me I'll stand at my post,
And do what He gives me to do;
For the thought is refreshing as homeward I look;
I want to go there, don't you?

3.

Soon this brief life is ended, our work is done,
For the days are so fleeting and few,
Where our loved ones have gathered no death ever
comes,
I want to go there, don't you?

4.

There none but the pure shall that city behold,
'Tis the home of the faithful and true,
Where the Savior a mansion for me has prepared;
I expect to go there, don't you?"

The choir will please sing the song which I have just quoted. It is number 47. The congregation will please stand during the singing.





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2005

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